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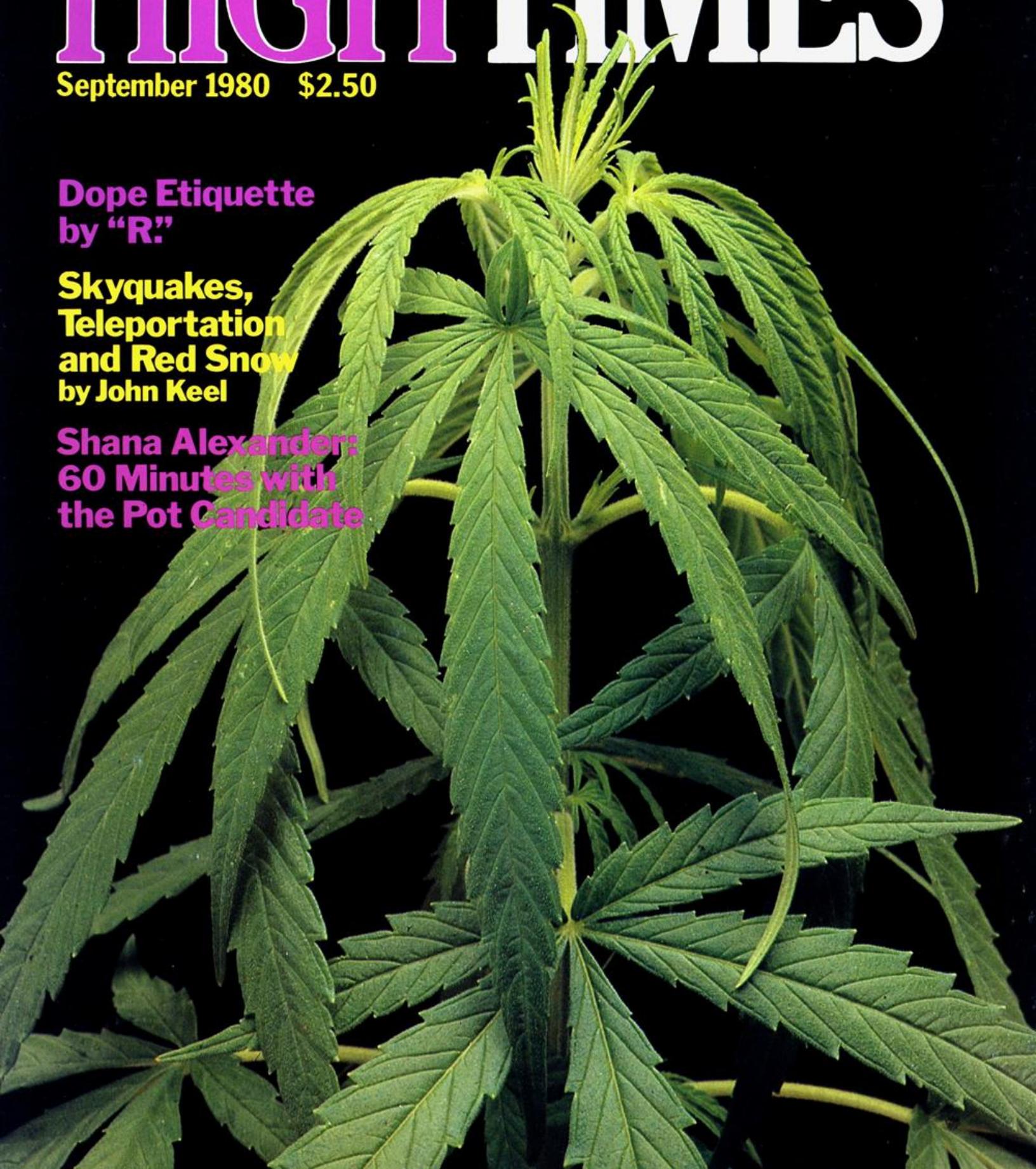
HIGHTIMES

September 1980 \$2.50

Dope Etiquette
by "R."

**Skyquakes,
Teleportation
and Red Snow**
by John Keel

**Shana Alexander:
60 Minutes with
the Pot Candidate**



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DEALERS INQUIRIES INVITED

We are especially pleased to welcome **Shana Alexander** to this month's roster of contributing writers. This outspoken and widely respected journalist first made her mark in *PM* magazine during the late '40s before beginning an 18-year stint at *Life*, where she became the first woman staffer and produced "The Feminine Eye," an ahead-of-its-time column devoted to women's causes. Shana went on to edit *McCall's* and serve as commentator on CBS radio's "Spectrum" series, but she is perhaps best known for sparring with conservative analyst James J. Kilpatrick on the "Point/Counterpoint" segment of TV's "60 Minutes" from 1974 to 1979. Shana hosts her own public-affairs show now, the syndicated "What's Happening America," and in between all this has found the time to write books such as last year's study of Patricia Hearst, *Anyone's Daughter* (Viking), and an autobiography entitled *Talking Woman* (Delacourt). Of her interview here with Libertarian presidential candidate Ed Clark, Shana says that despite and perhaps because of his poor chances for success, he's "a damned sight more articulate than the two front-runners!"

Who's



Diane Newman

Only one candidate running for the presidency has struck us as having anything uniquely original and daringly progressive to say about the issues. No, we don't mean that grinning, half-baked fart John Anderson. We mean Zippy the Pinhead, the only candidate with the vision to suggest outlawing sneezing, forcing dogs to vote and killing all of our air-conditioning and refrigeration specialists. And the man behind the mental molehill is **Bill Griffith**, cartoonist extraordinaire, who began inflicting his mad characters upon an unsuspecting world in the late '60s via the *East Village Other* and *Screw Creations* such as Mr. Toad and projects including *Young Lust Comics*. These were merely a prelude to the masterful pinhead, and Bill admits he's totally obsessed with Zip's chances for election. "We've got so much to do," he frets, "and Zippy wants to repaint the White House in barbershop stripes."

The evocative hand-tinted photographs illustrating "Loafing" are the creation of New York's **Liza Himmel**, whose shots have appeared in *Esquire*, *Redbook*, *Ms.* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, among others. As we go to press, Liza has a show



Joyce Ravid

in Italy, a lover back home and a jealous cat. But she still finds time for loafing. "I play solitaire with my cat," purrs Liza, "and he usually wins."

high?

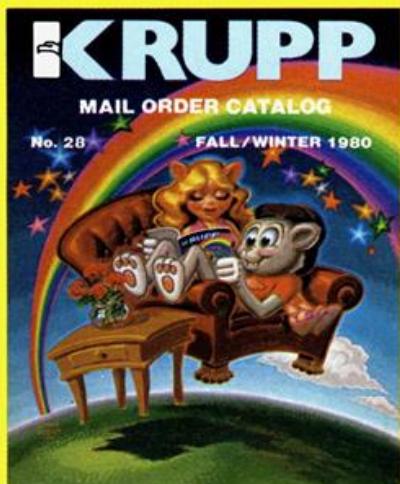
John Keel has lived in India, Egypt and Iraq, written ad-libs for Merv Griffin on "Play Your Hunch" and once gave a live broadcast from the genuine Frankenstein Castle in Germany. In other words, he's a HIGH TIMES natural, and we're still receiving letters about his controversial "UFO's, Mothman and Me" article in our May '80 edition. This month the subject is visionary Charles Fort, and John says "his studies of 40 and 50 years ago are just now being vindicated." See inside for details.

Whoda thunk that the editor of *The Rolling Stone Record Guide* (Random House) would escape the rock-rag ghetto to become music editor for good ol' H.T.? **John Swenson** credits the original mid-'60s *Crawdaddy* magazine for first expressing the fact that "kids were into their music in a different way than their parents were into Frank and Dino." What followed was the burgeoning of John's own impeccable taste and style in the pages of *Zygote*, *Crawdaddy*, *Rolling Stone*, *Creem* and every other major rock publication in the solar system. What's the HIGH TIMES angle, John? "For the first time I have to worry about covering records that are *too* popular." In other words, fuck the Knack! □



Sue Bloom

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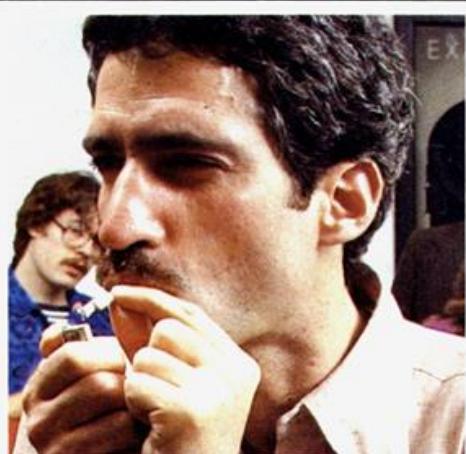


No, it's not bad acid or 2 percent cocaine. It's the prospect of Carter or Reagan or Anderson or any of those other half-asses who consider themselves presidential timber that's driving this poor girl to tears. Sure, it's our parties and we'll cry if we want to, but our editors went one step further. Our **Opinion** this month is a missive to Queen Elizabeth. Anyone for tea and crumpets? Photo by Peter Beard.

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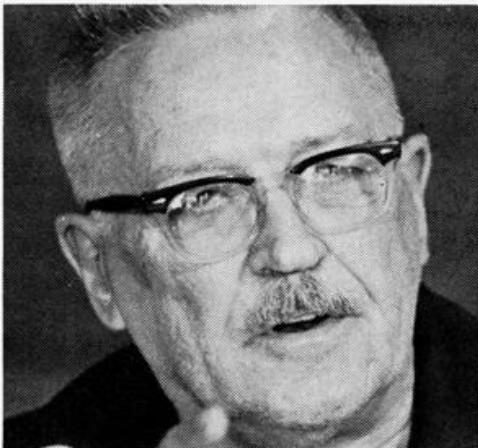
Wouldn't you know it, just as HIGH TIMES has gotten slicker and more elitist, dope itself has begun to assume the airs of exclusivity once reserved for exotic white snuffables. Here to expose this blasphemous situation in **Dope Etiquette: High Couth Among the Nouveau-Cheap** is the Connoisseur himself, "R."

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Interview: Ed Clark, Libertarian, by Shana Alexander, presents today's most vibrant spokesperson for the Libertarian Party. Says Clark: "We think people have a perfect right to decide what to do with their bodies and with their lives. We attract people who are interested in alternative lifestyles, and persons who just want to be left alone."

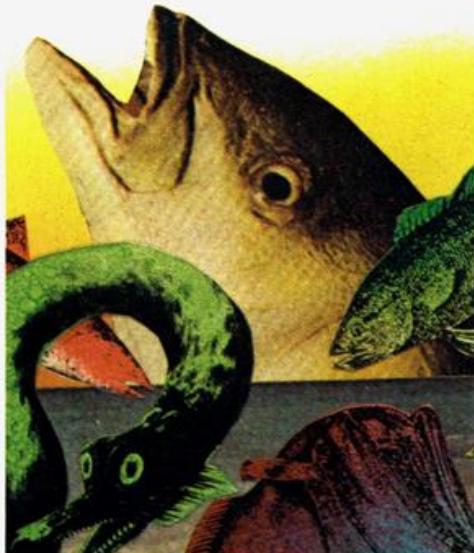
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If you think the likes of John Anderson and Ed Clark are too mainstream for your presidential tastes, how about **Anybody for**

President! Here are eight serious candidates, including a genuine prophet, a nudist, a self-billed national "alternative to Valium," a space traveler and a convict with convictions.

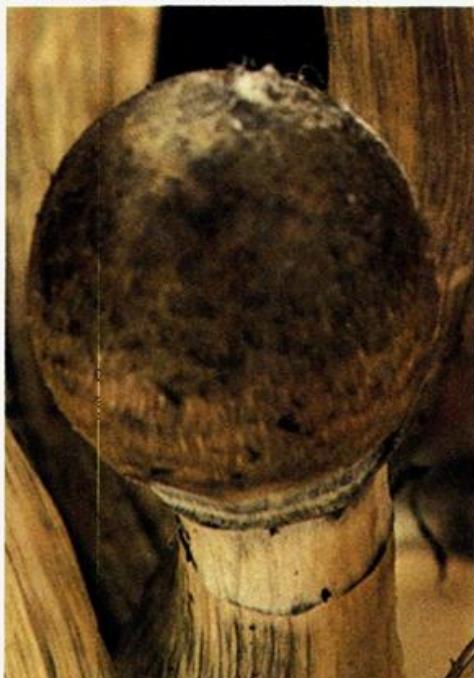
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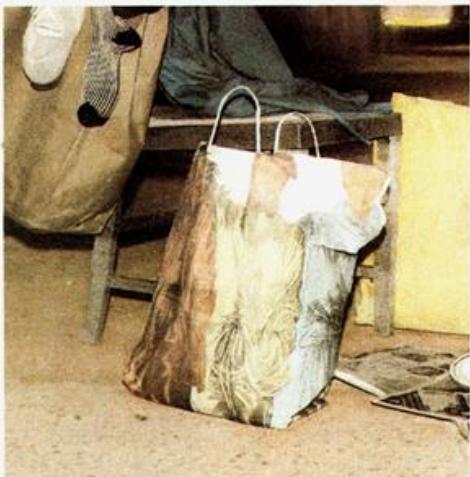
The sky's the limit in **Charles Fort: Chicken Little Was Right** by John Keel. Step right up and meet the angry visionary who was the reluctant spiritual father of thousands of malcontents. Fort's explorations are being taken seriously today—50 years after Fort first brought them to light.

46

.. Time was people would make a trip to the market for mushrooms. Nowadays, people make a mushroom so they can trip to the market. This stunning **Centerfold** will show you why.



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Beach Boy Brian Wilson stays in his room. Porn star Eva Beaver masturbates. New York Islanders star Chico Resch daydreams on the ice. There's an art to **Loafing** by Scott Cohen and here's how various closet idlers practice the craft.

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Back in a simpler age people believed that when they'd fall in love they'd hear birds and violins. Now we know the truth: Your brain belches phenylethylamine and sets off your norepinephrine system. It's all in **The Alchemy of Love** by Glenn O'Brien.

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Finally, the ancient tradition of Middle East hash making meets the wonder of American sinsemilla. Here in all its splendor is the product of just such a union in **Sinsemilla Hashish** by Laurence Cherniak.

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HIGH TIMES

Trippy Tip

Did you ever notice that Shower to Shower body powder doesn't stick when you're tripping?

—Susan and Jory, Chicago, Ill.

Mushroom Madness

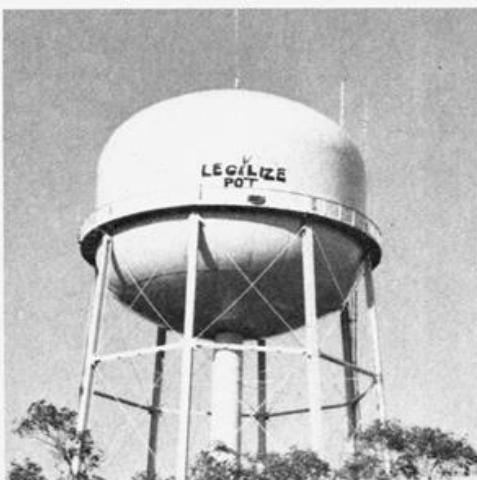
Just a note to let you know how folks are keeping up with inflation in Washington. These 'shrooms average six to eight per pound. These are definitely party 'shrooms since we can split them four ways and still get off right nicely. This is our way of coping with high inflation as it's one of our only natural resources staying as high as our economy.

—Happy Hombre, Seattle, Wash.



Tower of Power

This picture is of the water tower of Salina, Kansas. Although the state is thought of as being full of rednecks and cowboys, obviously somebody has a *high* regard for



voicing their opinions where it can be seen by all who pass through this small north central town.

—Roxanne H., Salina, Kansas

Literate Letter of the Month

Peace and blissful greetings unto you! Indeed many people wonder how in the tarnation "The day Sammy Dollar Die/We will love each other." What fail realize is that on ending of this seven-year period of "trials and tribulations" "you are here to learn, you will be tested" (El Tule, Oax. tree of life) which begins April 20, 1980, ends May 30, 1987, that dollar or other credit system will die, replaced by heaven on earth, warm climate perpetual spring earth uprighted on axis by asteroid or planetoid collision which also puts new rejuvenation elements into atmosphere of love-life-truth-eternal.

—Brother Geo, Chicago, Ill.

We'll bet Newsweek doesn't get letters like this.—Ed.

Kudos from a Cadet

Thank you much for your April '80 interview with Robert Anton Wilson; one complaint though, why not sooner? Mr. Wilson has been around for quite some time now and his book *Cosmic Trigger* is one of the most informative and

fascinating to come along in a long time. Referencewise it's invaluable. I would think a publication such as yours that caters to a particular segment of the population—people who like to alter consciousness—would run more stories and interviews with people of Mr. Wilson's caliber. Not that you're doing a bad job by any means; the April issue is one of your more extraterrestrial to date—but I think you lack consistency, which is frustrating to people like myself who get high on higher intelligence.

—Unruh, Portland, Ore.

Glad you dug the interview, Unruh. By now we're sure you caught Wilson's reappearance in our August pages with his reportage on the convention of the American Academy for the Advancement of Sciences. Beginning in October you can look forward to regular sightings: Wilson's agreed to park his capsule in the new *Futurescope* spot. Of late we've also featured the likes of Frank Frazetta and John Keel, who is back this month with a story on Charles Fort. We are indeed getting spacier—in the galactic sense of the word—and the response from the readers has been, er, out of this world.—Ed.

Strange Customs

Who says the U.S. Customs Department has no heart? Their Miami office at 99 S.E. Fifth Street sells HIGH TIMES magazine at their snack bar. They tell me it's their biggest selling publication. Success knows no boundaries.

—Steven Simon, Miami, Fla.

Correction

Due to a production error, the photos on pages 60 and 61 accompanying "The HIGH TIMES Second Annual Pot Awards" by "R." in the July '80 issue were not credited. The photo of Kenyan dagga was taken by Steve Cooper; the photo of Puna butter was taken by L. Merchyl; all other photos are copyright © 1980 by Harlan Ang. We regret any inconvenience this may have caused. □

Now You Can Have A High Time Even Though You're Dieting.

Many Americans are just now discovering a powerful yet safe herb from South America that natives have used for centuries to obtain many benefits.

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guarana — has the same chemical composition as caffeine and cocaine, as well as the same physiological actions.

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A popular novelist says, "Guarana reminded me a little of speed.

"It has a definite buzz and burst of energy, but no crash at all."

Guarana 800 is completely organic and harmless; it's on the F.D.A. list of substances generally recognized to be safe. It's got the appetite-eliminating benefits of amphetamines without the undesirable side effects; it elevates your mood, increases mental alertness and gives added stamina.

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Opinion.

TO: HRH Elizabeth II Windsor,
Buckingham Palace,
London, England
FROM: The editors of HIGH TIMES
for and on behalf of the people of the
United States
RE: Reinstatement

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a people to choose between maintaining a corrupt and incompetent chief of state, or replacing him with a proposed successor who is demonstrably just as corrupt and incompetent, it is manifest to all intelligent persons that the principle of government by the people is no longer practical on this continent.

Nations, like individuals, change and grow by an often painful process of evolution. The Colonies, in our phase of adolescent rebellion, saw fit for a time to shun the benevolent guidance of an older, wiser mother country. Now, as this prodigal nation approaches her mid-life crisis, we find ourselves consumed in a search for roots, values and ritual.

Our grievances against the individuals who have proposed themselves for election as our leaders must be stated: They have dismally failed to restore to our nation a sense of belonging. They have offered no effective remedy for the intolerable burdens of inflation and unemployment; in fact, each and every one of them proposes only to intensify our meddling in the affairs of sovereign nations, thus increasing the likelihood of global nuclear holocaust without the consent of the holocausted.

All these candidates, while making a great show of mutual antagonism, actually represent mercantile interests, that, through an organizational oversight on the part of our somewhat rambunctious "founding fathers," have usurped the



power of the citizenry and now tyrannize the land. It has progressed to the point where we the governed can no longer in conscience consent to government by the consent of ourselves. We Americans must have the integrity to admit that the world had best regard this nation as an unsafe place for democracy.

In view of the aforesaid grievances and in the interest of international order and common sense, WE THE PEOPLE do by these presents heartily apologize for our insolent and sullen behavior of 204 years ago, and beseech your Royal Majesty to resume your rightful rule over these dominions.

We submit, that by assuming your hereditary title to America, your Majesty may indeed stand to gain a bit for England. Besides our real estate holdings on this continent, which abound in such natural resources as active volcanoes and inactive though industrious Cuban refugees, we can offer the crown an exotic array of dependencies nearly comparable to the British empire of old: Puerto Rico, Guantanamo Bay, Midway, Guam and Bikini Atoll (slightly the worse for wear). It may be of interest to your home subjects that we Americans have central heating, late-night television, various Beatles and Stones (to complete your set), and some of the weakest labor unions in the English-speaking world. True, we have many Irish here, but ours seem less belligerent.

The burden of state should not weigh too heavily on your Majesty's shoulders; two or three days a week being about all the government we can handle. Your son HRH Prince Charles could be sent here as colonial governor, thus furnishing his Highness with an apprenticeship in preparation for eventual ascendancy to the throne.

HRH the Prince, we are sure, would be easily persuaded to take up residence in the New American Colonies. Your Majesty need only draw his attention to the top-grade marijuana that is now abundantly produced here, so that no one on this side of the Atlantic has to roll joints out of loose tobacco and cheap Moroccan hashish.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, having come to our senses, herewith resist the lure of liberty and recognize the Queen of England as our rightful and only lawful sovereign. We pray that you will hear our case with compassion and that your judgment be not swayed by your nation's decolonialists led by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. That bitch. □



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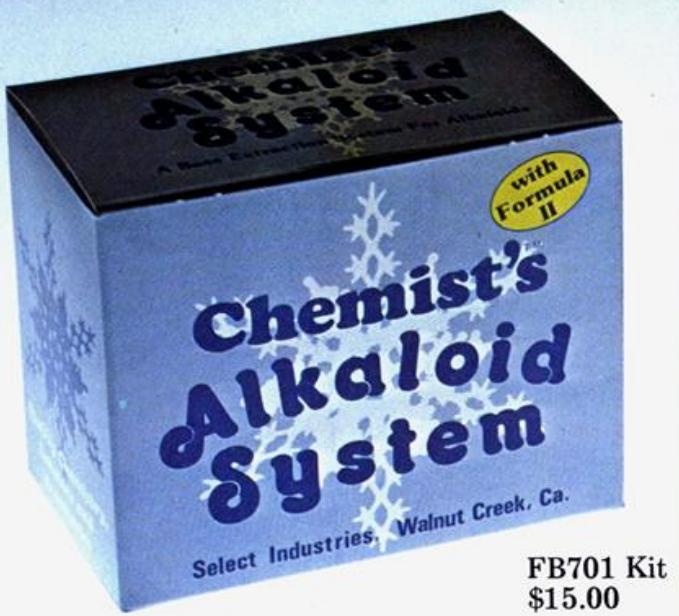
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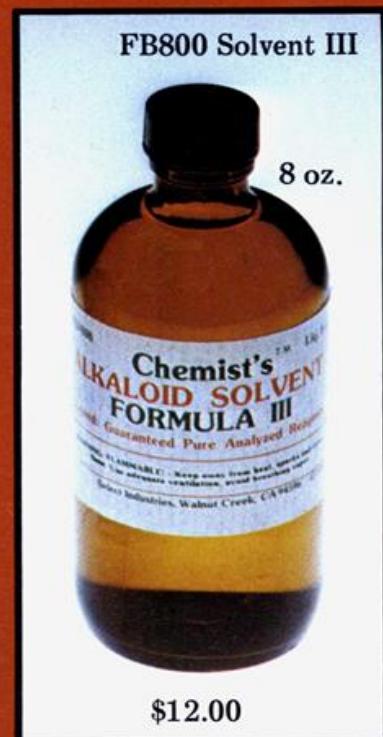
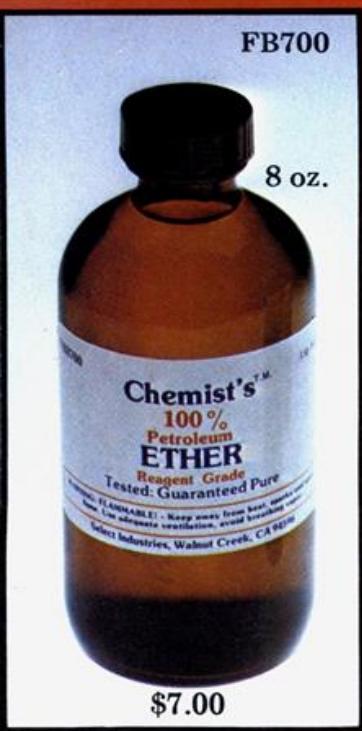
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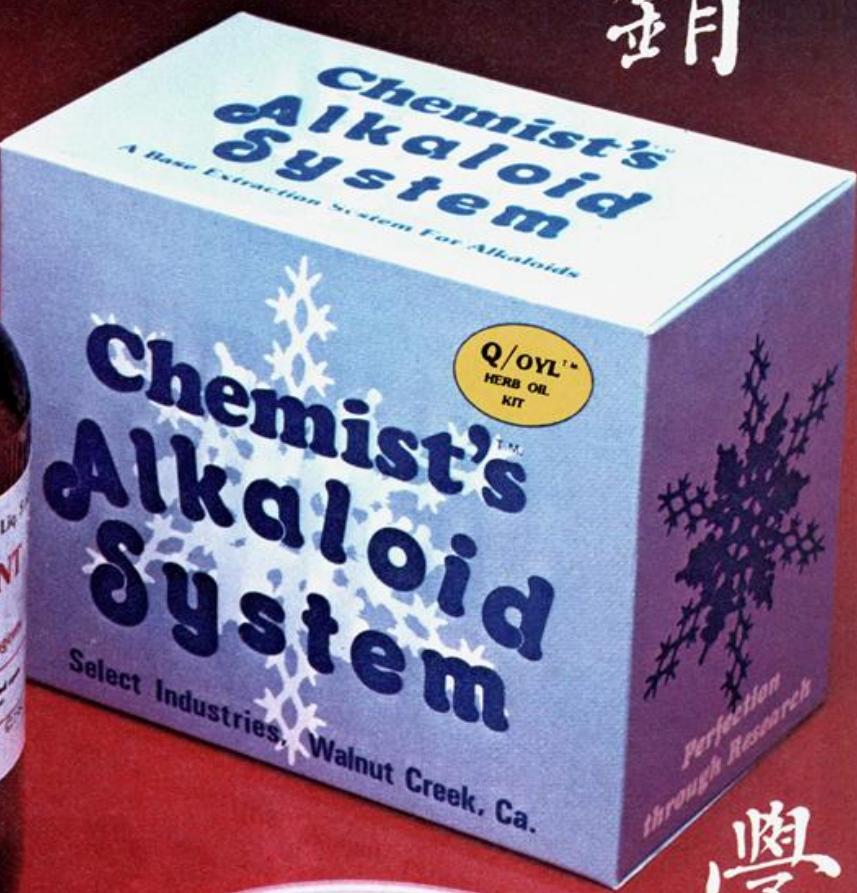
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High signs.

John Wiser AE

September 1980

September opens on an optimistic note, especially in matters of business. But when you're making any really big plans, be sure to cover every possible angle and detail; if any possible misunderstanding can arise, you can be sure it will.

Venus slides into Leo for a month on **September 7**, which is great if you've got a good love life; but if you're out in the cold, you're bound to start sulking about it. Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius people are sure to get all stormy and tempestuous during this Venus-Leo linkup.

The new moon rolls by on **September 9**, while the sun and moon are both in Virgo. New situations will develop; you'll need new techniques to cope with them. The new moon sucks pent-up energies out of Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces folks, and they can blow up like firecrackers. People will be overstepping themselves a lot, trying to put their loftiest ideals into mundane day-to-day reality. Interpersonal communication will be cloudy, things you don't say will catch up with you, and you might be a little fuzzy-headed in general. Ride it out.

Helpfully, also on **September 9**, Mercury enters Libra for a three-week stay, so you'll be helped in your choice of words at the proper moment. But distractibility may hit Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn natives.

Around **September 12** you'll probably be questioning your life goals all over again. It's okay—just remember nobody's ideals fit really comfortably into real life as it's lived. Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces: Just hang in there, keep involved and be yourself no matter how nasty things may look right now. By the weekend you'll open right up, get right into being with other people. It'll be prime party time; kick out the jams and assert yourself—especially Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces.

Then on **September 21**, real heavy news: Saturn enters Libra for *three years!* The whole world will get more socially conscious, with everyone trying to make themselves important socially. Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn will have to link up with social movements to realize their long-term goals.

Harvest time: the autumn equinox on **September 22**, equal night and day, while the sun sails into Libra. A new

social focus develops; you'll find fulfillment in some things, new difficulties in others. All that self-assertion you've done will bear mixed fruit, and you'll have to make good on what you've accomplished or salvage your failures. But don't sit tight and accept the status quo, good or bad. Keep on your toes. Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn may not realize it, but what they do this month will have long-range effects; bank on it, and concentrate your energies, don't scatter them.

This can be a tough emotional passage. Hidden tensions will surface in your relationships; some old friends may ease out of the picture. It's time to clearly lay down what you want, need and expect in your relationships. Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius may be surprised at the difference between what they really want and what they're getting. The equinox will coincide with a lot of deep thinking and you'll read subtle aspects in the world around you. Your thoughts might not be all that *together*, exactly, but if you'll just keep your perceptions clear, you'll pick up lots of new insights into things.

And now the moon is unfolding, growing toward full on **September 24**. There's a swelling intensity of thought and communication, an irresistible urge to get to the *bottom* of things. You can get in trouble by speaking too frankly about things you perceive—and you're also likely to run into people trying heavily to talk you into *their* ways of thinking.

Full moon in Aries, Libra sun: If your social life isn't living up to your expectations, you'll feel it *now!* Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn will probably want to be left alone and be annoyed if they're not.

Leo, Taurus, Scorpio and Aquarius may start picking fights with their intimates around **September 28**, just to inject some special excitement into their lives. If they don't hang a leash on it, they'll catch hell for it later.

On **September 29**, while Mercury penetrates Scorpio for two months, you'll start feeling decidedly *sure* about things, and have to moderate your tongue for fear of giving offense. At the same time, you'll be supersensitive to hypes and put-ons—so much so, for Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius especially, that contemptuous silence will probably be more effective than vocal rebuff. □

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See Page 20

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No. 61
Sept. '80



**COLOMBIAN ARMY
SURRENDERS**

POT WAR ENDS!

**NOT WITH A BANG,
BUT A SNIVEL**

by Antonio Huneeus

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA—The soldiers are dismantling their roadblocks, turning in their M16 rifles, climbing into their armored personnel carriers and waving a regretful *adios* to the beautiful mountains of Santa Marta—and to all the black-market American dollars they made over the last two years from looking the other way when dope shipments went through, or by loading grass bales into the huge airplanes of the *norteamericano* smugglers. The petty Mafia families of La Guajira are paying their bribes now to the National Police, on whose behalf the soldiers were summoned in the first place, in 1978, to save them from corruption. It's business as usual again in Colombia's most fruitful marijuana-growing district, after an American-inspired dope war that hadn't changed things much; you just paid off the soldiers instead of the cops.

La Guajira may have been the Dien Bien Phu of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, chortle dope movers on *continued on page 22*

Good-bye to all that: Departing soldiers bid a melancholy *adios* to seized sacks of Colombia's principal export crop.

Liaison Agency

**SCOOPS
INSIDE:**

**POT MUCKAMUCKS
MEET IN HOLLAND
LOWDOWN ON BOGUS
BLACK BEAUTIES**

Right to Life, 1984-style:

"We've Come for Your Unborn Baby"

by Roz Kramer

An adopt-a-fetus strategy with the object of forcing women to bear children by court order may be the latest trend in anti-abortion tactics. In two recent cases that rocked Nova Scotia and Houston, guardians were sought for fetuses in the wombs of two women who wanted abortions. The cases were brought by so-called Right to Life groups seeking to give the fetuses legal standing as individuals.

The Halifax suit was successful, leading to a birth last year. Janet Hulme, at 20 already a mother and demoralized by a failing marriage, wanted an abortion. Her husband, Charles, was against it. Abortions are permissible in Nova Scotia when a three-doctor board decides the woman's mental or physical health is in danger. Janet's request was approved and the procedure scheduled at a Halifax hospital.

With the backing of Nova Scotians United for Life, Charles was determined to stop the abortion. The 5,000-member antiabortion organization asked family court for a guardian for the fetus. The judge granted the request on the grounds that the Child Services Act of Nova Scotia covered unborn children.

In this instance, the role of guardian appeared to demand little aside from devotion to the cause. The appointed caretaker,

Mrs. Dorothy Simms, was not required to make daily visits to make sure Janet abstained from conduct unbecoming a fetus bearer—falling down stairs, swilling 150-proof vodka neat or smoking hash. She did not assume financial responsibility for a fetus that yet had to be born, fed, clothed, doctored and sent to McGill University. The guardianship lasted only a couple of days, but long enough to legally establish personhood for the fetus as a minor.

The hospital backed out of the abortion when the decision was announced, but the Department of Social Services, unnerved by the implications of the decision on its budget and caseload, joined an appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada. Janet's legal-aid attorney pointed out that the lower court judge had acted prejudicially by holding private hearings in his chambers with the right-to-lifers. However, the judge tiptoed around the issues by throwing the case out on a catch-22: Janet's pregnancy was too advanced for an abortion, and therefore the case was moot. "He's doing what I'd do," said a source familiar with the case. "If there's a back door, use it. Why get hate letters in the mail?"

The mother isn't talking, and neither is her second lawyer, who reportedly is representing Janet in a custody battle with Charles over the infant. Another uncon-

firmed rumor alleges Janet has turned staunchly antiabortion—perhaps a politic change to strengthen her argument for keeping the child, if the custody fight is indeed going on.

Gerald Moir, the attorney for United for Life, feels this kind of case has its limitations. "I certainly wouldn't consider carrying the case unless we had at least the tacit support of the husband," he said. Naming the case was another problem. His file is marked "Hulme," with no first name because his client was a fetus with no first name.

In Houston, an employed 19-year-old, known as Jane Doe in the suit, got an abortion after the judge reversed his original decision in favor of an appointed guardian.

Her legal problems began when she chose an abortion information and referral service through an ad, attracted by its claim to be sanitary. The "service" was actually connected to Life Advocates, an antiabortion group. The first Doe knew of this was a subpoena. Under a notorious state law that permits court-appointed guardianship over a person without the individual knowing it or being notified, Life Advocates had asked to have one Eileen Brady appointed guardian of the fetus. The law, which had been applied most abusively against the old, had already been used to institutionalize a middle-aged woman whose landlord wanted her apartment, and to kidnap a woman whose father opposed her vegetarian diet.

The probate court case is closed, but it's spurred several legal suits. Both sides are ready to take their cases to the Supreme Court. The ACLU wants to get the law off the books. The antiabortion side is appealing the decision and appears ready to fight for the legality of the Texas law as a way around the 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion in the first three months of pregnancy (after this period, abortion regulation reverts back to the states).

So far, guardianship suits have been aimed at stopping abortions without assuming financial responsibility for the fetus once born. In 1971, Robert Byrne, a bachelor and Fordham University law professor living with his mother, sued successfully to have himself appointed guardian of all fetuses in New York State. The decision was later overturned.

A call to the adoption unit of Houston Family Court netted the information that the court has had a number of cases in which a party sued to adopt someone else's fetus. A clerk told HIGH TIMES that the unit investigates each case to make sure that the pregnant woman voluntarily agrees to the adoption. Adopt-a-fetus is not the major tactic of the antiabortion forces, who mainly are after a blanket "human life" amendment giving full citizenship to fetuses. This would make abortion homicide and intrauterine adoption or custody cases routine legal matters.



Call him Zimmie: Brevard County Sheriff Rollin Zimmerman does the cocaine cakewalk around "an estimated 91.129 pounds" of snort seized from yonder Cessna in Titusville, Fla. Two people popped.

New "Speed" in Old Capsules:

THE PEASHOOTER PHENOMENON

by Bill Belleville

Bogus amphetamines that are skillfully designed to look like the real thing are being marketed on the street for as much as \$50 million a year. What's worse, their manufacture—if not their distribution—appears to be legal.

The fake capsules, called peashooters, are made by one drug company in Tampa, Florida, and then sold to another area distribution center that has at least 41 outlets around the country.

The outlets are individual salespeople working truck stops and campuses who sell the capsules in bottles of 100 to unsuspecting customers who think they are getting the real thing. The strongest ingredient is caffeine—usually no more powerful than a cup of coffee.

The catch is that OTW Distributors,

the Dexedrine spansule.

The bogus drugs are sold by sales agents who hand out deceptive business cards with the peashooter name, the phrase "satisfaction guaranteed" and a phone number. The salespeople usually emerge as shadowy figures who skirt a thin line between truth and fiction by indirectly implying that their products are the "real thing." They are careful not to mention words like *amphetamine* or *speed*, but they also neglect to describe the actual contents of their products. Sales conversation usually centers around the capsules' color and design, and veiled promises that "they'll do the job."

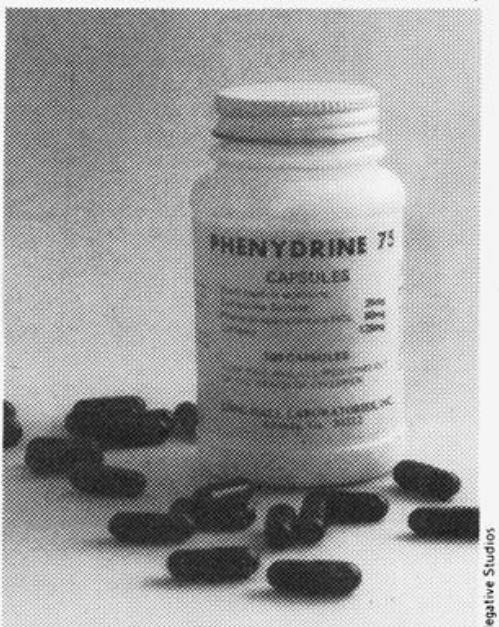
According to various reports, OTW would pay around \$140,000 for about 10 million caffeine pills and would then resell them to their sales reps for \$1.5 million. Salespeople, in turn, would remove the labels from the 100-capsule bottles and sell the bottles for \$45. At the end of the distribution line, unsuspecting truckers, students and others who thought they had bought 100 legitimate hits for \$45 would then break the bottles down and sell the capsules individually for as much as \$50 million total.

Apparently, police around the country are aware of the peashooter activities, but the only convictions they have been able to get are for trash charges like "doing business without a license" or for violation of drug-labeling laws.

"There isn't a damn thing we can do about it," Capt. Gerard King of the Marion County, Florida, Sheriff's Office told one newspaper. "People are getting ripped off," said another officer. The cops, who have no recourse against fraud because the products are never literally identified as speed, are constantly getting burned themselves. In March 1976, 100,000 of the amphetamine fakes were sold to agents of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation in an Atlanta suburb. The cops spent \$20,000 for caffeine and charged OTW's founder with drug charges—until lab tests showed the peashooters for what they were. Charges were dropped.

The mainstay of the peashooter operation is founder William Stanley Saye, a 37-year-old former truck driver who moved his business to Tampa from Atlanta in 1976. While Saye remains elusive and unavailable for public comment, peashooter salespeople throughout the country have been beaten and even murdered over bogus deals. On May 8, 1979, Saye's wife was found stabbed to death in Ocala, Florida, as a result of what police believe to be peashooter business.

In defense of peashooter sales, OTW president Patricia Weese says: "I don't feel that anyone is being deceived or being ripped off... there are only so many ways you can make a capsule."



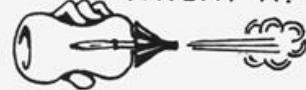
Negative Studios

Black is beautiful, but these aren't Beauties.

which buys the drugs from BT Pharmaceutical, claims that the look-alike capsules are meant only to be sold as light pickups on the level of No-Doz. One of the trademarks of the peashooter bottles is the easy-to-remove labels that are sometimes never attached to begin with.

At last count, OTW was distributing 14 drug products made to look exactly like common black-market and prescription drugs. The most popular of their line are: a 255 mg. black caffeine capsule that is a near-perfect replica of a black beauty, another 225 mg. caffeine capsule with the initials RJS, a 225 mg. yellow capsule that duplicates thelonamin yellow jackets, a clear and green decongestant capsule that does a good Dexamyl imitation and a brown and clear capsule that copies

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COLOMBIA SET TO LEGALIZE?

continued from page 19

both ends of the Guajira-south Florida pipeline. The whole idea of militarizing the Guajira peninsula against the dope trade was the brainchild of the DEA's Peter Bensinger, and was shoved through the reluctant Bogotá congress by weight of the combined pressure of the U.S. State Department, the DEA and U.S. ambassador to Colombia Diego Asencio. Despite predictions by Colombian congressmen of all political persuasions that the dope war would only succeed in corrupting the army as thoroughly as it did the police, the troops were sent in and the inevitable happened. The middle-echelon brass on the spot, lieutenants and captains, quickly became so thoroughly contaminated by drug money that, in the end, they had to be ordered out by the horrified colonels and generals back in Bogotá.

The decision to demilitarize La Guajira was only made while Ambassador Asencio was locked up for nine weeks in the Dominican embassy by guerrillas of the M 19 revolutionary movement. To get the story behind the move, HIGH TIMES contacted Ernesto Samper Pizano, president of the National Association of Financial Institutions (ANIF), Colombia's foremost marijuana legalization lobby (see HIGH TIMES, October '79).

"Basically," says Samper, "the army decided to move the troops out of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, and that removal was officially announced by the minister of defense, General Camacho Leyva. The origin of the measure, which was both foreseeable and well proven, was that corruption was sweeping the army."

Asked if Gen. Camacho Leyva (a fierce and powerful political conservative widely considered to be the real power behind Pres. Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala) might have drawn the troops out of La Guajira in order to deploy them against the obviously effective M 19 revolutionary movement, Samper was skeptical. "I don't think so. I think it was purely a question of internal corruption in the military, particularly in the middle-level brass. So it was decided to establish a specialized force of the National Police to replace the army, and this force will be supervised by the attorney general's office."

HIGH TIMES pointed out to Samper that, in fact, it was a special police force that, in 1968, had been replaced by the military, largely at the DEA's urging. He agreed with the obvious analysis: "Just as Mr. Bensinger of the DEA swore that the only solution to the marijuana traffic was to militarize La Guajira, the demilitarization of La Guajira must be interpreted as the failure of his repressive campaign against the traffic. ANIF supported the demilitarization, and we consider basically that it confirms our thesis that repression is not the right way to solve the problem and that the logical next step is to consider the alternative of legalization."

ANIF, an association of Colombia's major banks and investment firms, first called for the legalization of marijuana for

export last year. It was quickly followed by the National Association of Industrialists (ANDI), the country's main stock investment firms and industries. Both organizations forcefully declare that only by absorbing the multimillion-dollar "underground economy" into the "legitimate" economy can the country be saved from ultimate corruption and economic disaster, resulting in an inevitable violent revolutionary takeover either by the extreme right or the extreme left.

As Samper earlier told the maverick Bogotá weekly *Alternativa*, "When we talk of legalizing marijuana, what we are suggesting is to leave the origin, circulation and investments of the profits coming from marijuana within the Colombian laws, and within the institutional frame of the country. From this viewpoint, it is obvious that not only the banks (which fund a large percentage of ANIF) will benefit from the marimba money, but also Colombian industry, commerce and the workers, who will have more sources of employment."

Shortly after Gen. Camacho Leyva pulled out the marimba troops, Samper was invited to a special hearing in the Bogotá senate to discuss the underground economy. "I asserted," he told HIGH TIMES, "that the only solution was to legalize it, and subsequently, senate president Hector Echeverri Correa publicly announced that the senate would study a project to do so. The proposal will be submitted for congressional debate when the congress opens its ordinary sessions later this year."

The legalization proposal, in the wake of the dope war's failure, is receiving some

impressive support. So far, Eduardo Gomez, president of the national stock exchange; Anibal Martinez Zuleta, comptroller general of the Republic; Gen. José Joaquin Matallana, who formerly was the head of the dreaded Colombian secret service, and renowned constitutional lawyer Eduardo Gaitan Maecha have all spoken in favor of the proposal.

"What we are initiating in the senate and the house of representatives now," says Samper, "is something akin to measuring forces. We want to determine who is against and who is in favor of legalization and to negotiate accommodations between both sides."

Back in Washington, D.C., the conclusion of the dope war is simply not much in the news. When asked about it by HIGH TIMES, the DEA responded, "It's just a question of replacement by the police, so we see no problem." A State Department spokesperson would only remark, "The way we understand it is as a slow removal of the military in exchange for the police

... Congress gives the money to the Colombians for repression of the traffic, and they use it as they see best." As for the House of Representatives Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control—which last year recommended that a whopping \$16 million of U.S. taxpayers' money go to underwrite the Colombian dope war and got the allocation approved by both houses of Congress—no one there would talk to HIGH TIMES at all about the matter. "Give me your number and we'll get back," was the last this reporter heard from the office of committee chairman Lester Wolff (D-N.Y.).



Stop and frisk—and shakedown: In the heyday of the "Dope Wars," NCOs who didn't have access to the big bribe bread (that went to the brass) would eke out a living making "drug searches" of buses. A "search" was always good for at least a dozen wristwatches.



Scowl for the camera: Special agent in charge of the Miami DEA, Allan Pringle, poses with his latest booty, 854 pounds of unrefined coke base, worth, by ever-reliable government estimates, \$207 million.

Doctors in Trouble Learn Why from Feds

SAN FRANCISCO—Doctors and feds went head-to-head over new drug prescribing regulations at a special conference here, with the docs laboring under an awkward handicap to begin with: Most of them were already on probation for having violated the new federal 'scrip' rules. "Many had the belief that whatever they wanted to do was pretty much okay in their own offices," observed Dr. David Smith of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, which cosponsored the conference with the California Medical Association and the California Society for Treatment of Alcoholism and Drug Dependency. "This reality no longer exists," said Smith.

In recent years, various bureaus of the Health, Education and Welfare Department in Washington have posed a myriad of new prescription procedures for various drugs and gotten them through Congress. Officials from HEW and various law-enforcement groups advised the California doctors of the new federal laws affecting tranquilizers, psychotropics, amphetamines and narcotics, and the reasons for them.

"Many of the doctors were really not aware of the changing aspects and knowledge about the abuse potential of drugs and the changes in the laws," said Dr. Smith. "At the same time, they [the feds] were not aware of the changing role of the doctor."

The specter of government regulations affecting the patient-by-patient affairs of every doctor in the country has previously troubled organizations like the American Medical Association. However, California AMA mental-health director Emanuel Steindler says he welcomes the prospect of further such docs-and-feds confabs. "I think the conference gave regulatory officials an insight into some of the reality of medicine," he says, "and that there is sometimes a need for unorthodox therapy."

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Liberty Caps: The Rage for 'Shroom

by Roger Hart

At the present time, residents of Oregon enjoy legal access to a species of psychoactive mushroom known as *Psilocybe semilanceata* or, as thousands of users affectionately call them, liberty caps.

But something is afoot in the mushroom fields. Oregon has just adopted the Uniform Controlled Substances Act. Under the law, detectives from the Linn County Sheriff's Office are attempting to establish possession of liberty caps as a felony. One eyewitness gave the following story: "I was picking mushrooms in a field near Lebanon along with a lot of other people. As I left the field, a detective from the sheriff's office stepped from an unmarked car, took my mushrooms, wrote down my name and address and asked me if I was aware that possession of the mushrooms was a class-D felony. I told him I was not aware of that. It has been over a month now and I haven't heard anything further. The detective also stopped about 25 other people."

Users of the mushrooms want them to remain legal. They claim there are no bad side effects and maintain that consumption of the mushrooms is no more harmful than consumption of alcohol. According to George Constantine, a pharmacist at Oregon State University, "There is no evidence that psilocybin [an active ingredient of the caps] is dangerous because there are no effects after the high wears

off." The mushrooms are easily identified by their striped, nipple-topped caps and purplish black spores. They grow wild in fields of long uncut grass and reach a height of up to five inches. After picking, they are left to dry for 24 hours; then the caps are ready for consumption. They can be eaten whole, brewed as tea or chewed with fruit and cheese. About 15 to 20 mushrooms are enough for a giggly high, and 25 to 50 produce a daylong trip.

The bloom of interest in liberty caps began in the early '70s and rapidly spread by word of mouth. Now thousands of avid mushroom pickers take to the fields every fall. Mushroom seekers travel to Oregon from California, British Columbia and even New York. In Tillamook, the mushroom capital of Oregon, long-haired gas station attendants give out reports on the best producing fields.

Many mushroom pickers are willing to respect the rights of the property owners and ask permission before entering the fields, but farmers are beginning to restrict their property and have pickers arrested for trespassing. One farmer in the Falls City area complained to police that people were rolling around on the ground, laughing hysterically. He said he even witnessed an act of sexual intercourse while his cows grazed nearby. After several years of frustrated battle with the mushroom pickers (even having them arrested for trespassing did not stop them),

Cops Who Run Highway Radar Face Threat of Sterility!

by Ken Mate

MADISON—A quiet revolt against the use of radar because of the dangers of microwaves is slowly brewing in the Madison Police Department. Officer Richard J. Daley, who is spearheading the revolt, contends that the "Madison Police Department is playing with a very dangerous toy through the use and abuse of radar." Daley has stated that his immediate superiors have threatened him with "charges of insubordination if [he] did not carry out orders to use radar." In a letter to the Mayor's Police Advisory Committee, which rules on some policy matters, Daley presented evidence that while U.S. standards allow for exposure to ten *milliwatts* per square centimeter of microwaves, the Soviet Union and other eastern bloc nations, which have conducted much more extensive tests than our federal government, allow only ten *microwatts* per square centimeter, 1,000 times less than the U.S. standards.

The radar units used by the Madison police generate 40 to 100 milliwatts per square centimeter, much in excess of even the liberal U.S. allotment. "Many patrolmen whistle into the unit to test whether it's working," Madison police union official Vito Cerniglia told the advisory committee, adding that others carried the radar gun in a holster on their belts and worried of the danger of "microwave contamination of the genital region" or sterility. Daley has contended that "cataracts, loss of hearing, dizziness, carcinomas and emotional problems" result from "direct stimulation to central nervous system tissues of the hypothalamic area of the brain," such as would occur from whistling into a functioning radar gun.

Madison alderman John Mattes, who sits on the committee, commented, "These guys are genuinely scared. Every day one of them whistles into a radar gun and zaps his brain. I expect to see this come up as an issue in next year's contract talks."

Latest Trippers

he now plows his field under in the peak of the mushroom season.

Another technique employed by farmers to thwart the pickers is to post their fields with signs saying the area has been sprayed with herbicides. According to Richard Triska, a Lebanon attorney and a former member of the advisory board of the state crime lab, farmers as well as many legislators and law-enforcement officials who may have liberty caps growing in their fields are liable to prosecution under the new law unless they can prove they are unaware of their presence.

In the fall of 1977, several farmers found a way to compromise: They opened their fields on a you-pick basis, charging mushroom hunters an admission fee. Another farmer simply placed a donation box near the entrance to his field.

Commercial pickers are now offering farmers contracts for exclusive picking rights. There are rumors of offers as high as \$5,000. The use of liberty caps as an organic natural "high" is spreading in the large metropolitan areas of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit and New York. The most often quoted street price is \$160 a dry ounce, but quotes go as high as \$1,000 a dry ounce. On a good day in peak season, a person can easily pick up to 12 dry ounces from a five-acre field. The street market value of one field alone between Albany and Scio was estimated at \$50,000.

The invasion of the mushroom cult by the commercial pickers is one of the main reasons why officials in Linn County are beginning to take action, but thus far no indictments have been returned for possession of liberty caps, partly because a number of legal problems must first be solved. As Triska points out, the law says an illegal substance must be identified in the mushrooms before any indictment can be returned. So far, a standard legal test for the identification of psilocybin in liberty caps has not been developed. This is not only because the concentration of the illegal substances is extremely low, but also because the presence of other legal alkaloids masks the presence of the illegal ones.

Nonetheless, two warrants for possession of liberty caps were recently issued. In one case, the warrant was not served because the violator could not be located. In the other case, the violator plea bargained to a lesser charge. To date, no case has actually reached the courtroom. Says Triska, "I don't know if these cases would have held up in court because I don't know if the State Crime Laboratory has perfected its test for psilocybin in liberty caps. There are a lot of factors involved, not only the initial concentration of the illegal substance but its long-term stability under various states of preservation."



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OUTSIDE THE LAW

A Polemic Against Legalization

by James C. Wilhelm

Today's marijuana growing and distribution system is America's final sanctuary of freedom. The system is free because, so far, the federal government has kept its nose out of it, except to tell us it is against the legal order. This exposes righteous dealers and growers to harsh penalties, but they should be willing to accept the risks since the alternative—legalization—would prove disastrous both to the merchant and to the occasional smoker.

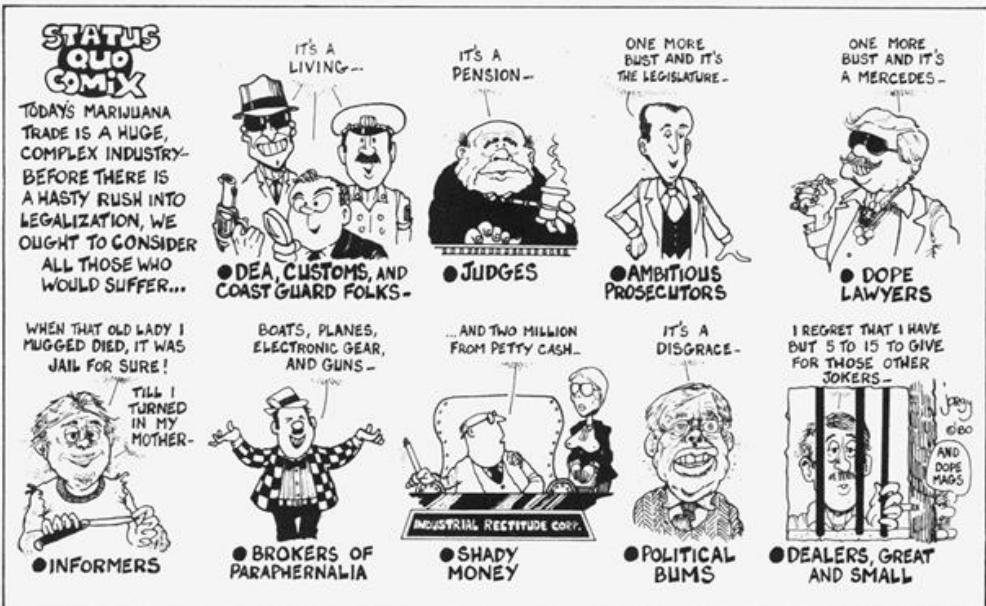
Growing and distributing pot while outmaneuvering the legal system is a challenge that offers the reward of a sense of true liberty. It gives us the opportunity to operate under our own rules, rising or falling according to our own abilities and desires. The righteous dealer is attentive to the betterment of the human condition and wary of lining the pockets of politicians and bureaucrats. As a student of karmic law, he knows that what he gives he gets; he contributes all he can and keeps only enough to maintain his lifestyle and keep the flow happening.

With the legalization of cultivation, we would have to accept the same government controls that are placed on other private businesses. To stay in business the pot entrepreneur would have to deal with endless federal and state paperwork and red tape.

Legalization would inevitably bring product standardization and control. At first, perhaps, growers would be permitted to continue growing the same weed they are so successful with now, but eventually they would have to compete with the likes of R.J. Reynolds and Lorillard, corporations that can devote millions of dollars simply to the marketing of their products. As time passed, we would find ourselves forced to produce a product that strictly conformed to government THC allowances, while the FDA checked our stashes to be sure they contained no foreign insect matter. The industrial conglomerates, with their highly paid lobbyists, would see to it that none of the independently grown marijuana conformed to the strict government standards.

We'd then find ourselves right back where we started with righteous growers and dealers producing and marketing il-

HIGH TIMES reader James Wilhelm submitted "Outside the Law" in response to "Open Letter from a Pot Grower" in May's Highwitness News. The open letter, by Alex Smart, advocated legalization of the marijuana industry. Wilhelm's opposing argument does not necessarily represent the view of the editors of HIGH TIMES, but it is well reasoned and deserves to be aired. When this piece was written, Wilhelm was under indictment in California for transportation of pot into the state and possession of the green with intent to distribute.



licit, untaxed pot, because it would be the only thing worth smoking—indeed, the only thing that resembled pot. And, besides fighting the DEA and its outrageously enormous budget, we'd also face the even more powerful forces of the corporate tobacco (and marijuana) industry.

Some growers crave legalization in the hope that the feds would offer protection by limiting the acreage that any particular growing conglomerate could place under cultivation; but giant corporations are already expert at avoiding any appearance of monopoly, and these controls would be nearly impossible to enforce.

It is also widely hoped that legalization would bring a drop in prices: forget it! Today's high prices, supported by scarcity and risk, would be more than matched by increases due to taxation and the cost of supporting a regulatory bureaucracy.

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Many growers and dealers are becoming wealthy today on the proceeds of the services they perform and are facing the ethical dilemma of finding a charitable use for their surplus profits. I believe one of the most self-defeating solutions is a contribution to NORML. While I agree that smokers should be immune to penalties and that growers and distributors do not deserve jail sentences, the alternatives are so outrageous and potentially destructive that they should be avoided at all cost, even if the price is a jail sentence.

PEARLS OF WISDOM



Richard Nixon, in his recent book, *The Real War*: "If America loses World War III it will be because of the failure of its leadership class."

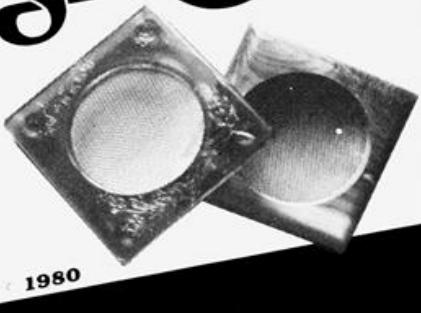


Anita Bryant, bemoaning her financial suffering caused by gay boycotts of products she promoted: "Where before I didn't have to worry about money, all of a sudden I had to start buying choice meat instead of prime."



Willie Nelson: "That's what I do best, smoke a joint and wait 'til somebody says 'do something.'"

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Thai and Thai Again

by Bud Bogart

Purveyors and procurers of exotic reefer have no doubt noted the incredible glut of Thai weed of late after a four-year hiatus from the marketplace. It first reappeared late last summer only to be immediately confused with the bogus Thai that has been circulating in the absence of the real thing. Much of the ersatz Thai was actually U.S. sinsemilla and at times surpassed its namesake in quality. After some initial skepticism, most dope consultants eventually pronounced the Thai real but nowhere near its antecedent in potency.

By last fall, 20 to 60 pound "bindles"—a term Thai dealers use in lieu of bales—were popping up with well-received regularity in the big city marketplaces at \$2,200 to \$2,400 an elbow. Later in the season, as the sinse market peaked and prices there began to drop, so did prices on the Thai to keep it competitive and by the end of the year you could cop the best of both at \$1,600 a B.

Generally, the quality seems to have deteriorated from a few years ago. The "commercial" grade Thai that can be scored for as little as \$900 a pound hardly ranks better than good Mexican among most smokers. On the other hand, pillow-sized pounds of stickless primo buds at \$1,600 is one of the great dope buys around today. Thai "sticks" are available too, though again they are nowhere near

ernment has been notoriously corrupt throughout history and they've never been able to scare up enough revolutionaries. The fix is to Bangkok politics what cigars are to Havana politics, so it wasn't long before stability returned and weed was working its way out of the country. Once again, my sources say, we have Uncle Sam's defense team to thank for the final airlift.

These Boots Are Made for Kicking: Reports have been flooding into the dope desk warning of poisoned 'ludes. At least one person in New Jersey is dead from the bad 'ludes and scores more there and in New York have become ill. Though we haven't been able to track one down and analyze it, the rumors are that they contain everything from strychnine to Drano. If you get some of these turkeys you'll know it right away and feel it for three days, "like the grim reaper's riding herd on you," as one victim described it. In last month's column we mentioned some bad PCP on the loose in Jersey. Maybe it's just Jersey that makes these drugs seem bad, but you'd better not take a chance until you've watched somebody else try them first and live.

Acid Reign: The LSD renaissance that began in early 1978 has caught the attention of the media. Recently several journalists have sought figures for this phenomenon. One such stat being tossed around is that somewhere between 15 and 20 million hits of acid were consumed in America last year. That's only one hit for every 11 people, hardly enough to get off. And thanks to advances in basement-lab technology, the price has remained \$1.50 to \$5 on such popular sellers as Red Dragon and Mr. Natural, on a keel with prices ten years ago. Yet another example of the marvels of the pure capitalism of the pot economy.

Share a 'Room with a Friend: Mushroom farmers in the Southwest are a rapidly advancing agrarian subculture. Some of these basement ploughsmen have become so skilled that they are now turning out gigantic specimens, competing with each other to grow the biggest and best 'shrooms with all the enthusiasm of a Mississippi watermelon festival. Some of the hybrids, sporting names such as Earthmover, Eraserhead, Copernicus Scorned and Chimney Sweep, are as big as boxing gloves and weigh nearly a pound. Even the big ones go for \$15-\$20 an ounce but sometimes you can finagle a break on big deals.

Sinse in Possum Breath: As the growing season sweeps into the final weeks, we are getting a more complete picture of the enormous victory garden surge in America. They're growing pot everywhere from Hog Scald Hollow, Arkansas, to Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. A whole gentry of pot cultivists. This year's harvest will, predictably, be another record. Already northern California is talking about buying itself and seceding from the rest of us.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

the tight refinement that distinguished the sticks of old. The new variety includes sizable timber, lots of immature seeds useless for planting and a few scroungy buds all lashed around a stick the size of a pencil by heavy nylon fish line in a package that looks like it was wrapped by a crazed gorilla. Still, the pot is superb and at \$160 a Z on the streets is almost half the price of the '70s sticks, this despite inflation.

The reason for all this Thai: politics. The Thai weed that used to come into the United States, like the Vietnamese and Laotian herb, almost invariably came through military channels at one point or another. When the U.S. military abandoned Southeast Asia in 1975 and the much maligned domino theory proved correct, the Vietnamese, Laotian, Cambodian and Thai weed stopped coming into the States as suddenly as it had started a half dozen years before. Unlike some of the other Southeast Asian countries, the Thai government remained intact and the U.S. military presence was tolerated. Part of the reason may be that the Thai gov-

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

Colombia Discovers New World: As we predicted in these pages just one year ago in the special HIGH TIMES five-year anniversary wrap-up of the pot industry, Colombian importers, who are feeling the pressure in the United States from sinsemilla growers, are expanding into European markets. Part of the reason stems from the surfeit of commercial Colombian that has been around the last couple of years, excluding the brief '79 drought. More importantly, dealers have long been aware that European heads have had to put up with the bilge shake while U.S. heads smoked in luxury. The much touted liberal marketplaces of Amsterdam, Copenhagen and other European dope spas han-

dled only hash, and most of that was the inferior Moroccan, Lebanese and Afghani grades. True, some Afghani was primo and occasionally Nepalese and Indian hash—among the world's most venerable highs—would leave them gasping for reality. But in general—and you can ask any European or American who has had the good fortune to have sampled a variety of smokables on both continents—heads prefer Colombian grass over almost all of the hash. Colombian dealers are therefore now in the process of cashing in on the ready-made market in Europe. Colombian is now commonplace in Berlin, London, Amsterdam, even Paris, running at about \$80 to \$120 an ounce, \$750 to \$1,250 a

pound. The quality would appall most U.S. smokers. Packed as tightly as possible for the long trip, the pot comes in blocks so compressed that the seeds are pulverized and the buds and branches mingle in an indistinguishable powder when it's broken down for smoking. Still, as one limey enthused, "It's the only smoke that still makes me laugh uncontrollably."

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

NEWS

ICAR: Legalization Moguls Meet

by Tony Smart

The first International Cannabis Alliance for Reform (ICAR) conference in Amsterdam, fabled drug capital of the world, seemed like a good idea when I first heard about it. Sponsored mainly by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and Great Britain's Legalise Cannabis Campaign (LCC), ICAR was to be a convention of committed dope smokers from Japan, Iceland, Europe, Australia, England and various other corners of the world. The stated aim of the affair was to form an international organization, with United Nations observer status (like the International As-

REEFER REFORM

sociation of Chiefs of Police), to lobby for the repeal of the 1961 Single Convention treaty, which makes cannabis an illegal narcotic in almost all U.N.-associated countries. ICAR was to meet for three days at the Kosmos commune building in Amsterdam, and it all sounded fascinating.

Once there, though, with four other members of the Smokey Bears (London's equivalent of the New York Yippies), I got the definite impression that the whole conference was being carefully engineered by NORML and the LCC. Leftist political groups like the Italian Radical Party, which vociferously advocates total marijuana legalization worldwide, seemed underrepresented in the rounds of workshops and lectures. As for Third World representation—and most of the grass in the world is grown in the Third World—it seemed to consist entirely of Jamaican psychiatrist Freddie Hickling and a Jamaican reggae group. Most disturbingly of all, although ICAR was attended by people from all over the world, the conference was conducted entirely in English.

The Anglo-American influence managed to dominate the conference so thoroughly that it actually cast a pall, for many, on Amsterdam's uniquely mellow social life. From the looks of Amsterdam, the Single Convention treaty is ineffective already. In Holland, grass and hash are smoked openly, everywhere. In Amsterdam, all official youth centers have house cannabis dealers, who ensure that teenagers aren't exposed to hard drugs like heroin and speed. I even passed an open-air market, almost like any green-



Zbigniew who?: No, it's Zbigniew Thielle (right), head of a drug treatment center in Warsaw, Poland, on the panel at the ICAR meet with pot-smoking glaucoma patient Bob Randall (left) and Dr. Tod Mikuriya, editor of *Marijuana Medical Papers*.

grocer's stall, where live marijuana plants were on sale. The Single Convention treaty isn't holding the Dutch back.

One of the saving graces of ICAR was Simon Vikenoog, Dutch eccentric extraordinaire, who entertained everyone with his spontaneous outbursts and suitcase full of paper tricks—though Simon's "egomania" irritated many. Alexis Korner, a suitably mellow British blues singer, played at a disjointed conference party in Amsterdam's famed El Paradiso club. Ideas and addresses were exchanged in a strange time-warp atmosphere in the Kosmos, where everyone got stoned on liberal (though expensive) supplies of grass and hash to the strains of '60s music like the Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit." Nearly as good as the dope were the inexpensive herbal teas available, specifically for cooling out one's head, at the Kosmos's restaurant.

The single best idea of the conference

was proposed by a worker on Europe's *International Times*, who suggested that agricultural co-ops in the dope-exporting countries (Colombia, Mexico, Jamaica, et al.) should sell their grass to consumer co-ops in the dope-importing countries. Simple, but brilliant.

If the ICAR conference itself had been this simple, without all the bureaucratic and self-aggrandizing horseshit prompted by NORML and the LCC, it might have been similarly brilliant. But when you consider NORML's history of blowing coke with big White House plutocrats, and the fact that the LCC's list of sponsors includes several titled lords and the Young Conservatives, you can't help wondering about it all. On whose behalf, really, do these people want grass to be legalized? Is it for the people who grow it and use it, or for the international tobacco-merchandising cartels, who would stand to make billions if pot were ever legalized?

STRAIGHT TALK

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High Society

Take another little piece of my house. When they tore down Janis Joplin's house in Port Arthur last summer, the place yielded roughly 3,000 bricks, which were scooped up by a local entrepreneur for a mere \$85. In well-established Texas fashion, each brick was broken down into moving weights—ki's, zees, dimes and nickels of authentic, down-home Janis Joplin's house. You can score a swell plastic-encased Janis Joplin's House key chain for around seven bucks, or a swell Janis Joplin's House plastic-encased paper-weight for around \$10. What price counterculture?

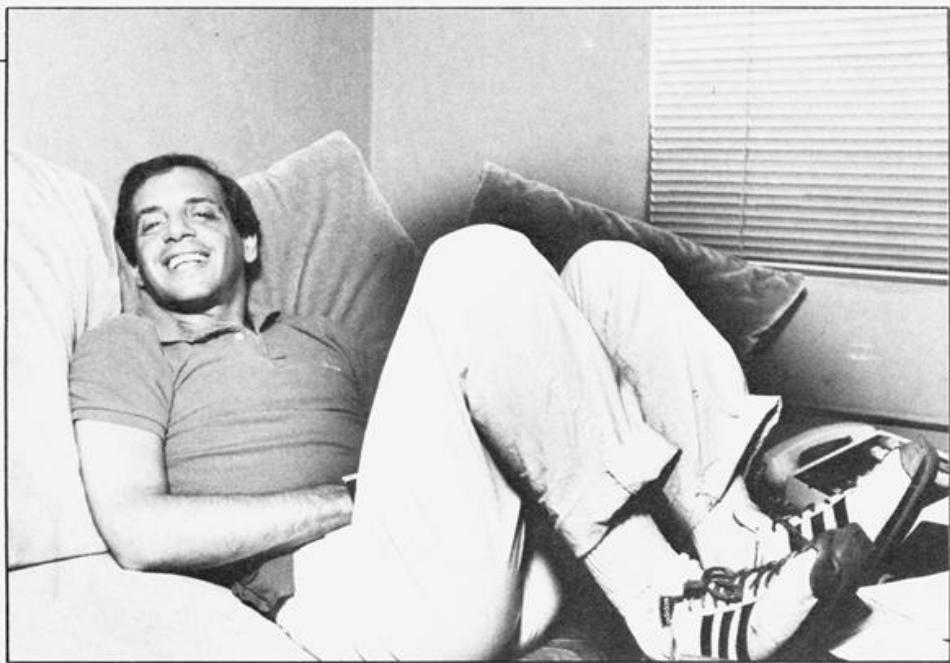


Ken Rogan/Camera 5



Who's that on first?! Why, it's **Sondra Fortunato**, 26, 38-22-36, of New Jersey. Fortunato, who is also single, has within the last year stopped a Rangers game at Madison Square Garden, a Jets game at Giants Stadium and the World Series at Yankee Stadium just by being there, 38-22-36. Fortunato started out as Miss Knockout (New Jersey Boxing Association), then became Miss Tuscan Milk (a Jersey dairy) and Miss Twin Peaks (Hunter Mountain, New York). Now, as Miss Body Beautiful USA—the 38-22-36 equivalent of Arnold Schwarzenegger—Fortunato is regularly featured in *Muscular Development* magazine. Single, 26, 38-22-36: Fortunato's fan club's address is P.O. Box 378, Island Heights, N.J. 08132.

Steve Strauss



Sorry, you're not on the guest list.

Former Studio 54 coproprietor **Steve Rubell**, sweating it out in Manhattan's Metropolitan Correctional Center, was exultant when he heard he'd be serving the rest of his tax evasion stretch at Allenwood, the country club of federal slams. He was so delighted, reports an inside source, that he told all the other cons around Foley Square about it, and word, alas, reached out to Allenwood itself. So when America's most exclusive doorman was shipped to the posh Pennsylvania pokey, the hacks there refused to take him in.

Michael Abramson/Camera 5



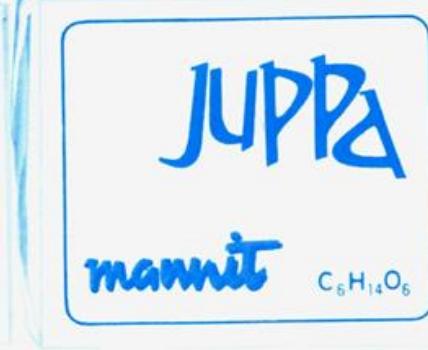
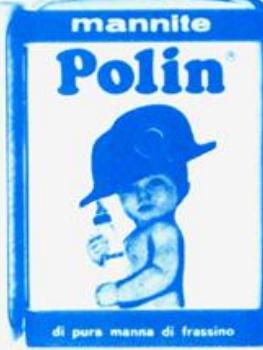
Marc Buikka/Gamma/Liaison

I got maybe \$200 in Chase
Manhattan, New York cabbie Donnie Dix admitted to **David Rockefeller** midway between Kennedy Airport and East 59th Street. Replied Rockefeller—the man who helped lobby the shah of Iran into the USA last winter—"Really?" Departing the cab after a seven-mile jaunt, \$13.75 on the meter, Rockefeller handed Dix a tenner and four ones: total tip, 25 cents.

Send him victorious, happy and glorious—hold the mayo. A head-hunter cult in the New Hebrides archipelago in the South Pacific has a hereditary claim to His Royal Highness **Prince Philip**, Duke of Edinburgh and Consort to the Queen of England. HRH Philip was, the cultists aver, snatched from their midst as a suckling infant. Now they expect him to reappear momentarily, healing the sick and performing miracles—or ripe and tasty, at least.



Serge Lemoine/Gamma/Liaison



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Dope Etiquette: High coutch among the nouveau-cheap by "R."

Something chilling has happened to the sociability that once surrounded marijuana use. Dollar-a-puff grass like dollar-a-gallon gas is changing the highway habits of the nation. Once the social rituals surrounding pot smoking partook of the spirit of generosity, of sharing, of expanded communal

consciousness inspired by the smoke. Now, alas, the era of friendly "hey-brother-pass-the-joint" camaraderie of cannabis has come to a close. Grass has become so expensive that some of the frosty chill of calculation and selfishness that can characterize interpersonal coke relations has come over that most

**A generous spirit will pull out a joint of tenth generation
Thai-Afghani blend and before he knows it the dope bums will be
swarming around like sharks in a feeding frenzy.**

innocent gesture of passing grass. Want to know how chilly and calculating interpersonal coke relations can get? Well listen to the immortal words of a former HIGH TIMES editor, a nice guy, but, well let's say a bit cynical. A few years ago when grass was still down in the double-digit-dollars-an-ounce range, he explained the delicate difference in etiquette between sharing grass and coke stashes with a girl on the first date. "If you share your grass with a girl it can help you get her into bed," he said, "but it doesn't mean she's *obliged* to you, but, shit, if she takes you up on your coke and snorts it all up she's gotta fuck."

Well, folks, it's a nasty and brutish future we face if that's the kind of attitude that super expensive grass is going to lead to. Already you can see the way greed and selfishness are blighting the spirit of fun at parties. A certain kind of dope bum with nothing but garbage weed in his own stash will circulate through the crowd sniffing for the sweet scent of sinsemilla like a shark seeking the smell of blood. Then suddenly it will happen; one well-meaning generous spirit will pull out a joint of tenth generation Thai-Afghani blend he wants to share with his friends, and before he knows it from all over the room the dope bums like sharks in a feeding frenzy will come madly slithering and swarming around trying to insinuate themselves into the conversation posing as avid listeners to whatever the joint holder is saying, then lunging for the joint as soon as it circles near, taking huge huffing puffs into their ravenous jaws 'til the joint's been burned down to its nub, then whipping out their own roach clip, impaling the ashy ember and passing the smoking remains on to some total stranger who arrived too late for the main course.

Of course most people don't act that grasping and greedy but unless we come up with a new etiquette to cope with the changed material value of grass we'll lose the spiritual qualities that surround the social smoking experience. So let's examine some typical social situations that pose perplexing questions of pod smoking interactions. Let's say you're the host at a party and you've got a little bit of really good Hawaiian you'd probably like to save for yourself and a lover,

but what the hell it's a party, you decide to share. Still, you know you won't have enough for everyone to go 'round. What do you do? Do you:

1. Furtively gather a few of your friends among the early arrivals into a bathroom or a spare closet, lock the door and puff away like mad on a joint of the super stuff, hoping the telltale sweet smell won't emerge and rouse the slumbering dope sharks. Then you float out beaming and giggling trying to disguise your altitude so that the less fortunate partygoers and miserable latecomers won't know the hidden Hawaiian luau they missed.

2. Or do you wait 'til later 'til your *real* special friends have arrived and secretly try to cluster with them thereby insulting the early comers.

3. Or do you try to space it out, so to speak, democratically through the length of the party. This however will require you to watch over the passage of every puff like an overprotective mother, time each toke to make sure no one takes more than one puff, hurriedly snatching the joint out of the fingers, even the lips of someone peacefully savoring their high in order that precious seconds of bud don't go up in smoke. Is this any way to have a party? Is this any way to get high?

Clearly these are not good solutions; they're desperation ploys that reek of the bad old days of reefer madness when heads had to stuff towels in the cracks of doors to prevent smoke from seeping out. Only now this dreadful affliction of dollar-a-puff grass has people hiding their smoke not from the cops *but from their friends*. Let's analyze a couple more symptoms of the contemporary cannabis crisis.

What about this situation at a rock concert: There are four of you together, two couples; the group about to play is one of your all-time heavy favorites. You've trampled people into oblivion to get tickets months ago and you've scoured every dealer for many time zones around for a couple joints of some extra special genuine Hawaiian Kona to put you on the perfect plane to get attuned to the sound you love. You light up, pass the precious joint to your lover who tokes and passes it on to the other couple you came with.

All right so far. But then the magic joint reaches the fourth person in your group and some guy sitting in the row above says real hiplike, "Hey bro, it would be real righteous of you to give me a hit off that fine weed of yours..." What do you do? Do you:

1. Let him pass it up a row, then watch, grinding your teeth as the first moocher passes it on to *his* lady friend who's then hit on by some guy two rows up, and she's too dosed on 'ludes to know where it came from and casually hands it off by which time you can either

a. plunge into the crowd in an insane fury screaming *give me back my joint that's MINE you fuckers*. Or

b. watch it burn itself out as it travels up the amphitheater and spend the rest of the concert depressed and embittered, barely able to pay attention to the music you once longed to hear.

2. Or, on the other hand, you could avoid the last two possibilities by calling out to your friend three seats away before he hands it to the stranger and telling him, "Hey pass it back here first man. That dope cost me a day's pay."

3. Or you could call out to the prospective dope bum in the row above, "Sorry man but this is all we brought." But this then puts you in the difficult position of being unable to smoke for the *rest* of the concert if you do have another joint of good stuff you wanted to save for after the intermission or something. Or you could try to sneak puffs from your next one, but then we're back to the closet and the wet-towel mentality again.

4. Another tactic might be to say in a voice loud enough for all the potential moochers in the surrounding rows to hear, "We'd love to share it but we've all got a rare blood disease that you'd catch and it's too late because the germs are already in the joint." Needless to say this risks weirding out your friends unnecessarily, however if you could agree on a disease loathsome enough ahead of time you could pull it off. But would you feel good about it? What a long way I've come, you'll probably be saying to yourself, from the goodwill of Woodstock, the sharing and all that.

Now let's look closer at the way expensive dope has affected seduction scenarios, this time from the viewpoint not of the dirty old ex-HIGH TIMES editor, but in the words of an attractive single woman who likes to get high: "It's funny you should mention the subject because I was just talking about it with my best girl friend the other day. We were comparing notes and we realized that there's a new definition of 'going all the way' these days. It used to be that 'going all the way' referred to a girl going to bed with a guy. Now for us ladies who like good weed or for the seducee of whatever sex, 'does he go all the way?' means does he bring out his best stash on the first date, does he try to take you on a seductive trip with some sweet sinsemilla or will he see if he can get away with fucking you on some commercial stash. Personally I think it's an insult if he tries to get you into bed with some garbage weed and then next morning or something you find he's got some primo buds in his stash. On the other hand my girl friend thinks that if he offers you the primo the next morning then maybe it's more than just a one-night stand, it could be love. On the other hand, if the first thing he does when he gets back to his place is bring out his buds, well then you think maybe he's just trying to buy his way into bed with you. Then the worst thing is if you've got some primo and you offer it to him because you like to get high, not because you're feeling horny, a lot of guys will think you're trying to put the make on them."

Clearly the confusions over Sinsemilla and the Single Girl are too complex to figure out here—and I'd welcome suggestions from readers about such delicate questions of manners. But in order to start a dialogue on the subject I'll throw out a few general principles and specific tactics that might be considered by the herb head community in trying to adjust codes of etiquette to the new cokelike status of super expensive grass.

The basic principle we should try to preserve in any reformulation of our etiquette is the joy of the turn-on. We need to remember the pure pleasure of brightening up anyone's, even a stranger's, consciousness. From the earlier days in the brief history of contemporary marijuana culture one of the first impulses of the high was to turn someone else on. Okay, maybe many of your first impulses had to do with eating Twinkies and satisfying other depraved appetites, but still we've all

felt how nice it is to see the stoned smile we've brought spread across the face of someone we've turned on. It gives us the primitive human satisfaction perhaps of being a medicine man, a healer. Anyone can offer a trinket, a jewel, a coin to one, but having the power to change someone's very consciousness, to have the exhilarating power to sweeten their stream of thought is the power of a healer and shaman.

Okay, let's get a bit more practical. You only have a limited amount of medicine. Deciding who gets it does require a certain amount of emotional "triage" in these crisis times—triage being the word the emergency medical teams use for the system of assigning the wounded in a disaster into three categories: the hopeless, mortally wounded who receive no care; the badly wounded for whom immediate care could make a life or death difference; and the other badly wounded who are either too far gone or not far gone enough and who will receive care when group two has been attended to.

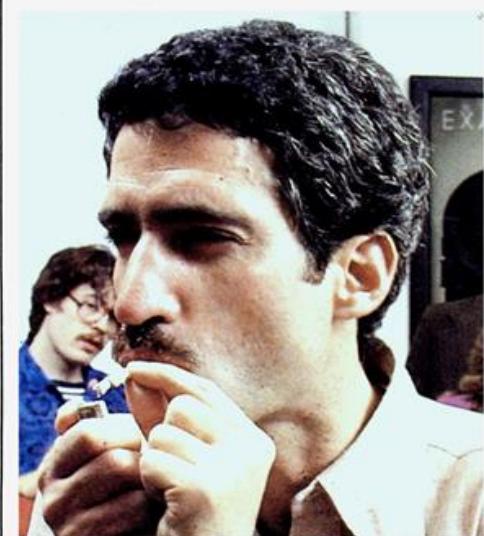
If you're supplying the dope, your first loyalty in Triage Etiquette is to the friends you came with. If you came with a friend who's supplying the smoke, then your loyalty is to make it a pleasant rather than anxiety-ridden experience for him. In other words, in our rock concert illustration, for instance, the person on the end of the row, the last person to whom a joint has been passed from its source on the other end, should not give it away to some total stranger without checking with the source-friend, passing it back to him for a farewell puff or taking it upon himself to explain to the righteous-minded dope-bum bro that you too are righteous minded but that your commune is going without food for a week to pay for the couple grams you plan to smoke at the concert and that you just can't take grass out of their starving mouths too. If you really make a righteous enough pitch you could ask the dope bum for some spare change.

You don't have to go that far; you don't have to talk about rare blood diseases. There are more tactful excuses. You could say something like, "Love to lay some of this weed on you man but I oughta tell you that one of our buddies died bringing it in over the border and we've ground up his ashes in our stash, so if you don't mind smoking a little *human shake* here, have a puff." You're pretty safe with that one. A better solution is

frank unembroidered honesty in a turndown, but remember, don't make the supplier worry about it, take responsibility off his back; you're taking his medicine too.

A better solution for public occasions in my opinion is the double leveled stash. If you and your friends want to keep smoking the special stuff you're sharing, and you just don't want a stranger to break the spell of it all, the best thing to do is to have stash B on hand. Your basic stash B will consist of fat joints of thin cannabis—commercial leaf cuttings or whatever. Keep it in your left-hand pocket (or in the right-hand one, I don't care, just don't get them mixed up for your own sake). So what you do when an unwelcome stranger hits on you for a puff is to hand him a whole joint from stash B, and smile and say, "Hope you like it brother." What's he gonna do, smoke a few puffs and then complain that it's not good enough for him? If he has the nerve to do that you're well within your rights to tell him to shove off for Hawaii to catch the spring planting season.

Some people will say it's a sneaky solution, but under the depression-inflation economic crisis conditions of today I think it's equitable etiquette if not the ideal. You are turning the guy on. There's nothing worse than being at a great concert or party and having nothing at all to take on. Just pretend it's 1968 and there's nothing better around. Then you can even feel generous. That's enough etiquette lessons for now folks but in the future I'd like to devote a column answering Dear Abby-style advice letters about questions of ethics and etiquette. So start sending in your "Dear R." letters now. We've got a lot more ground to cover before the price of Hawaiian comes down to earth. □





Ed Clark, Libertarian

Courting the Toke Vote

by Shana Alexander

Although the real 1984 is still four years off, our world already is clogged with so much garbage, red tape, injustice, sham and shibboleth that anybody with a clear vision of how to free us from this avalanche of trash arrests attention. Enter the Libertarians, the fastest-growing and most interesting new political party. Rejecting all forms of government control, calling for the abolition of all economic constraints, taxes, social controls, government handouts, dope laws, draft laws, labor laws, consumer laws—looking toward the eventual withering away of government itself—the Libertarians have the socko appeal of Hans Christian Andersen's naked emperor walking down Main Street at high noon.

What's more, the Libertarian Party appears to have plenty of support from far down in the dark cellars where millions of political dropouts and nonvoters have for years, in gathering numbers, hung upside down and silent, like bats. This time around the Libertarian Party has found an attractive, intelligent and frighteningly coherent presidential candidate named Ed Clark. Clark, 49, is a kind of geopolitical, ideological superman: by day a mild-mannered oil company lawyer, and nights and weekends a fearless, nonstop spokesman for his party's philosophy.

Clark and I met in the modest Washington living room of his young campaign manager, Ed Crane, who has given up a well-paying job to follow the Libertarian star. With minimal prodding from me, he talked steadily for more than two hours, and his eyes scarcely left my face in all that time.

High Times: The late, great justice of the Supreme Court, William O. Douglas, used to say that the primary purpose of the founding fathers was to keep government off the backs of the people. Is that what you Libertarians have in mind?

Clark: That would be a very central

theme. Libertarianism means that each person has the right to live his or her own life in any manner they choose, as long as they do not use force or fraud to prevent others from living their lives in any peaceful manner they choose.

High Times: That is a rather radical departure from what both the Republicans and Democrats are saying.

Clark: Yes. It's been a long time since the two political parties have offered a real choice; 1980 will be the start of the three-party era in this country!

"Massive disrespect for all laws is bred by these attempts to suppress drug use. There should be no laws that prohibit adults from taking drugs."

High Times: You report an astonishing growth rate: Your party got 180,000 votes in '76 and 1.2 million in '78. What do you think you can reasonably expect this year?

Clark: We'll probably be on the ballot in all 50 states by Election Day, and I expect to get several million votes—that is, more than the difference between the Republicans and Democrats.

High Times: In general, which segments of the population support Ed Clark and the Libertarian Party?

Clark: Generally, younger people, people under 35 or 40. I think we attract people who are strongly for some aspect of individual liberty. We think people have a perfect right to decide what to do with their bodies and with their lives. And if people wish to use drugs and they're not

violent against others, they have every right to do it. So we attract people who are interested in alternative lifestyles.

High Times: I notice in reading your literature and listening to you how different you sound from other heroes of the young, people like Jerry Brown and Ralph Nader and Barry Commoner. They talk about an era of limits—a limited world where we can't grow, we have to shrink. You say there should be no limits. So you're saying just the opposite of those fellows.

Clark: I'm not sure I'm saying the opposite of Jerry Brown. Jerry Brown used to talk about Schumacher's "small is beautiful" in relation to the economy, and now he talks about "small is beautiful" in relation to government. But Barry Commoner and oftentimes Ralph Nader do talk about no-growth economics, about the fact that limited resources mean there can be no more economic growth. But I just feel that those people are absolutely wrong. Their view has been refuted by a dozen economies around the world that have virtually no raw materials, and yet are growing at a very fast rate—Switzerland, Germany, Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, South Korea, Singapore.

High Times: Okay. How do you account for that growth?

Clark: Each of those countries has done one of two things: Either they have permitted a very free market or else they use intervention to encourage investment in the economy.

High Times: When you say you're for no limits, you really mean none. You're not even for speed limits, are you?

Clark: That's a complex problem. I'm not in favor of dangerous conduct that may hurt others. So I don't say there should be no limits on anything. I say that



individual standards, family standards and social standards should be what really establish the kind of civilization we have. Those social groups shouldn't be able to enshrine their point of view as a law; they should attract people by how valid and how worthwhile and how humane their views are.

High Times: How do you handle the issues of the campaign?

Clark: Let me begin with foreign policy, because in my view foreign policy is likely to be the most important part of the 1980 political season. The approach of both the Republicans and the Democrats to recent events in Iran and Afghanistan has been to call for establishing a bigger American military presence someplace in the Middle East. And we have heard a lot of very strong rhetoric against the Soviet Union, and discussions on policy levels of the possibility of a nuclear war. In my view those are the wrong responses. This is the kind of activity that has *created* much of the present situation.

High Times: You mean we're in this mess because of that policy.

Clark: Yes. For example, take Iran. We have intervened massively in Iran over a long period of time. Imagine how the American people would feel if twice in a generation the Iranians had been able to change the government of the United States! The shah did not allow any orderly development of democratic free institutions. So the whole society was just sort of frozen where it had been back in 1942, with no independent middle-class institutions to provide the means for transition to democracy. The United States backed the shah very strongly, trained his secret police, sent him a lot of arms and was apparently insensitive to the fact that he had completely lost the allegiance of his own people. And the same antiamericanism that produced the seizure of the hostages and has united lots of people in Iran against the United States is a *consequence* of the prior acts of intervention. So now our response to that is: Let's set up more military bases, let's send more arms to all of the other rulers.

High Times: That does sound crazy. What's your policy?

Clark: Of course I do not want in this to defend the people who seized the hostages—that's absolutely indefensible—but the

Russian intervention in Afghanistan, in my view, might never have occurred, the Russians might never have moved, had there not been the cover, or the camouflage, of the quarrel between the United States and Iran over the shah and the hostages.

High Times: That kind of softened up the territory.

Clark: Yes, and Afghanistan is not a place for the United States to want to be, in my view. Radically increasing our defense spending is just the kind of inflationary program that has already caused so much trouble with our economy. Military spending is a high-technology, expensive type of manufacturing which tends to produce an economy that is not guided by consumer desires, but by government decree.

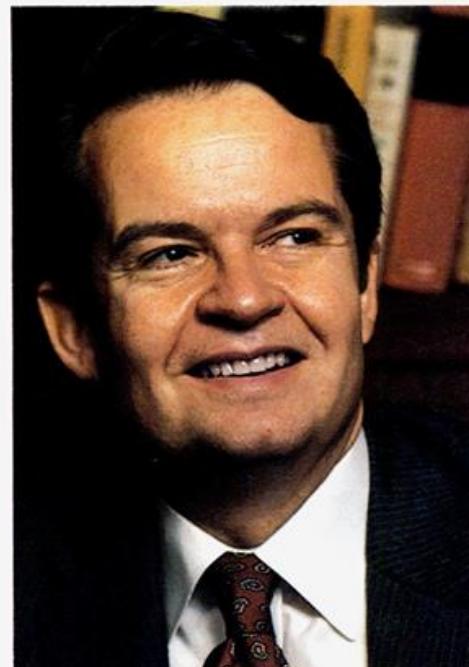
High Times: Therefore, what is your foreign policy?

Clark: In my view, we should orient our foreign policy toward the defense of the people and property within the United States. We must stop looking upon ourselves as the enforcers of a free society around the world whether people want it or not.

High Times: How do you feel about our support of Israel?

Clark: We should take this opportunity of the focus of Islamic discontent against the Russians to encourage the Israelis and the Egyptians and the Palestinians to reach some lasting settlement of the Israeli-Palestinian dispute.

High Times: Can we presume that you favor resumption of the SALT talks?



Clark: I think we need a much more radical treaty than SALT. The objective should be not to stabilize our relative nuclear strength but to reduce and ultimately to eliminate nuclear weapons.

High Times: Let's get into some of your domestic policies.

Clark: First I would cut defense spending. We bring back American troops from Western Europe and from Japan—which we can do, because those countries are fully capable of defending themselves. In addition, we should stop all subsidies to business and agriculture, of which there are tens of billions annually.

High Times: What do you think would happen if we cut back those subsidies?

Clark: It would tend to drop the prices of goods in the United States. It would stop subsidizing businesses in areas that are not economical, that are not productive.

High Times: What would happen to the Chrysler company, for example?

Clark: Without the massive federal aid, the Chrysler company would have looked to Volkswagen or Toyota, or some other auto company, and reached an agreement with them.

High Times: What happens if you cut back subsidies to what—sugar? Beef? You pick one.

Clark: Let's take sugar. The United States protects its sugar growers with prices well above the world market. It would be much cheaper for the American consumer to import sugar from the Philippines or the Dominican Republic. It would redirect the American economy toward producing things that can be produced in the United States much better than we can produce sugar.

High Times: What happens to the millions and millions of blind and sick and poor and old people, and children, who can't take care of themselves and who are now being taken care of by government?

Clark: As you cut government spending you always also increase employment, because people in the private sector earn less money than people in government employment. Private sector employment in California in the year after Proposition 13 went up 550,000. To put it another way, unemployment in the state went down from 7.9 percent to about 6.3 percent, which dropped it below the unemployment level all across the United States. And California's unemployment rate traditionally is higher than the rest of the United States.

Brian Wolff



Administration—abolish it?

Clark: I think that the FDA does provide consumer information, which is valuable, but it is basically an agency that denies people rights to take the kind of medicine or the kind of drugs they want. And the FDA, really, is an agency that protects the drug industry. I would replace the FDA with private sector programs to certify safety, and to provide information about drugs that are taken.

High Times: What sort of private sector programs? Do you mean the drug companies?

Clark: No. We consumers need to organize to develop the institutions to provide this service.

High Times: Do you agree pretty much with Thomas Szasz on drugs?

Clark: Yes, I think from time to time in all societies certain uses of certain drugs become sort of taboo, almost in the tribal sense. And once a society decides something is taboo, they try to force other people to comply with their views. In American society, the suppression of drug use is a relatively recent phenomenon.

High Times: From the '30s?

Clark: From 1914. Before that most drugs were legal. The Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 made illegal the sale of many, many drugs in the United States.

High Times: Before that you could take Lydia Pinkham's Compound, smoke opium...

Clark: Sure, and you could drink Coca-Cola, which used to be laced with cocaine. And the use of opium, particularly by Chinese workmen, was fairly common on the West Coast...

High Times: And among artists, too.

Clark: Artists and writers and musicians and people throughout all sectors of society.

High Times: What do you see as the true motivation behind our harsh antidrug laws? Is our Puritan heritage responsible, or is there an economic basis, or what?

Clark: I think it's the attitude that the government is entitled to use force to



High Times: Are you saying you're against Social Security and welfare?

Clark: I think Social Security, for example, has been a means of pitting the young against the old. Social Security weighs most heavily upon younger people, who are now paying very high taxes but not really contributing in any way to their own savings.

High Times: And by the time they get old the inflation will have wiped their savings out.

Clark: By the time they get old there won't be enough people paying into the system to support them. So they feel that no one will ever pay for them.

High Times: You've maybe come to the point I find most difficult to understand in your whole program. What would you do about all the people that are now on Social Security?

Clark: Since older people who are receiving Social Security payments have no other means of producing income, we should not stop these payments until we have a private sector substitute, such as a tax credit system.

High Times: Let's get into your position on drugs.

Clark: One way to get into that is to talk about really the biggest American attempt to suppress drug use—which was Prohibition in the 1920s. The most prevalent drug in Western society is alcohol. It exists in religion, in family life, in individual life, it's all over Western society, and we adopted an amendment to the Constitution to prohibit its use. In the 1920s the federal agents used to go around denaturing alcohol that was used for industrial purposes so it could not be used for drinking purposes. Oftentimes that

alcohol ended up in bootleg liquor and killed people. And drinking increased because it became a way to make a personal statement for liberty and rebellion.

High Times: So the effect of Prohibition was exactly the opposite of what its supporters expected.

Clark: Yes, and the same situation exists today. Making drugs illegal diverts the police from defending people from aggression. It kills a lot of people who get contaminated by bad drugs. In the '20s, as now, the whole underground organized crime segment of society was fostered and sustained by these types of laws. And finally, massive disrespect for all laws, including laws that do protect people's rights, is bred by these attempts to suppress drug use.

High Times: So narcotics prohibition creates crimes.

Clark: Absolutely. In cities like New York, half the property crimes are thought to be committed by people on hard drugs.

High Times: Would your position be then that there should be no drug laws of any kind?

Clark: There should be no laws that prohibit adults from taking drugs or vitamins or other things that they wish to take.

High Times: And that would include heroin, cocaine, amphetamines, smoking opium, angel dust, whatever?

Clark: That would include all drugs. It would include laetrile. If you treat people like adults, they'll act like adults.

High Times: What would you do with the FDA—the Food and Drug

control peaceful individual conduct.

High Times: So the enemy is government as Big Daddy.

Clark: Yes, the view that individuals cannot take care of themselves. Libertarians on the contrary are antipaternalists. We are fraternalists, if you will, who believe that people are equal.

High Times: You're obviously a very well-educated, informed man, yet one plank in your platform is to abolish all public education—is that correct?

Clark: No. Although ultimately we would like to go to a completely private education system, because we look upon government schools as another way in which big government indoctrinates young people.

High Times: By government schools, do you mean what I call public schools?

Clark: Yes, government-supported and -operated schools where you start the day with the salute of the flag, and praise for government and government officials is a key part of the whole educational system which tends to produce obedience to whatever the government wants. If we're going to move toward a fraternal system and away from a paternalistic system, we have to offer substantially more educational alternatives. The way to get that is to embark on a massive educational tax credit system whereby people can reduce their federal income tax by \$1,200 for each child they support in any nongovernment school. Additionally, I would let companies and employers and individuals earn tax credits by paying for the education of children other than their own.

High Times: But won't that then leave large public schools attended solely by the least educated, least advantaged people in the society?

Clark: No. Even before the public school system started—in the 1830s in most northern states, including my own native state of Massachusetts—you had almost universal literacy. But people back then were going to parochial schools and to proprietary schools that people ran for profit.

High Times: But what about all those millions of immigrants who came in through Ellis Island in the last half of the 19th century?

Clark: Many of those people could read before they came.

High Times: But not English.

Clark: But not English. And their

children went either to public schools or parochial schools. What we are really doing in the United States today is reversing the whole thrust of American progress. We used to think that every generation was a little bit more educated, a little bit more civilized. But what has been happening in the last 10 or 15 years is that our children are becoming less educated and less civilized than their parents. I want to reverse that trend, and I think competition among schools is the way to do it.

High Times: Do you still believe in the old idea that every American is entitled to a free education?

Clark: Education is in no sense free. Parochial community schools, Montessori schools, are all cheaper than public education.

High Times: But somebody else is paying, is that what you're saying?

Clark: Yes.

High Times: What other kinds of tax credits are you proposing?

Clark: The principal one that I'm proposing is to transfer the welfare burden from the public to the private sector. Where we now tax people, take their money, spend a lot of it on overhead, on bureaucracy, and then in a very cold and impersonal way give small sums to the supposed beneficiaries, my program is to reduce taxes and let the people who earn the money spend it directly on these sort of programs. I think with respect to both welfare and education that this is going to provide a much more individualized, much more personalized type of support. And it would give back to the private sector both the incentive and the means to take care of the unfortunate people in society.

High Times: So you do have faith in the goodness of human nature.

Clark: Yes, I have a very optimistic view about human nature. I think the same kind of impulses that cause people to vote for welfare programs will cause people to voluntarily help others when lower taxes and tax credits are available.

High Times: What would your position be on abortion?

Clark: That in choosing whether categorically to preserve the fetus, or to let the mother decide, a woman's right to control her body is the higher ethical value. Women should have the right to decide whether or not they wish to become mothers. If there's anything that's private it ought to be your body.

High Times: How about the use of government funds, though?

Clark: I'm afraid not, because millions of American taxpayers look upon abortion as murder.

High Times: Isn't that rather inconsistent?

Clark: Well, we haven't got all the kinks worked out yet. We'll be issuing detailed position papers later in the campaign.

High Times: When you talk about the ultimate complete privatization of society, how complete do you really mean?

Clark: We'll always need public courts, and public police, but I don't see other public areas.

High Times: Don't you need government to ensure civil rights, equal treatment under law?

Clark: Only minimally.

High Times: What is the Libertarian attitude toward protecting the environment?

Clark: Put defense of property rights back into the hands of the owners. We don't need a huge bureaucracy like the Environmental Protection Agency, which often works to support the right to pollute. If there's smog in Los Angeles, give individuals the right to sue General Motors. If Pintos are unsafe, sue Ford.

High Times: How do you feel about nuclear power?

Clark: I think the Price-Anderson Act is an outrage. [The legislation which limits insurance liability for nuclear accidents to \$560 million per power plant.] This is putting the risks on the taxpayers and on the victims of nuclear accidents. The nuclear industry should be responsible. Make them provide their own insurance!

High Times: You're saying that if they have to pay the price, they'll police themselves; they'll shut the unsafe plants right away.

Clark: Of course!

High Times: One of the most provocative things you talk about is your cure for unemployment. Why do you advocate abolishing the minimum wage?

Clark: Because it's one of the most basic causes of unemployment and social unrest in our society. In effect, that law says that unskilled people in our society cannot work; indeed it says that it is a crime for you to work, and it is a crime for an

employer to hire you. So many young people who have poor skills are prohibited by this law from working and become a cause of social violence and a cause of crime.

High Times: Then who's on the side of maintaining it?

Clark: Those who are caught up in the rhetoric of the past—that minimum wage laws are designed to protect people.

High Times: You mean those such as the labor movement?

Clark: Labor and others who say we've always had minimum wage laws and if we didn't, all wages would drop.

High Times: Would you also advocate getting rid of unemployment insurance?

Clark: Yes, that's something else that could be handled privately. Those who wished to have it could do so, but it wouldn't be compulsory.

High Times: So if you got laid off you'd have nothing.

Clark: That's right. But you as a working person should have the right to decide whether you want to invest a portion of your income in unemployment insurance premiums.

High Times: Let's talk about energy.

Clark: I think our energy policy is very related to our foreign policy. We tend to feel that in some sense foreign oil is ours—because we need it. I think that if we went to a sensible energy policy we would eliminate a substantial part of the momentum now leading us toward more military action in the Middle East. What we ought to do is let the prices of petroleum products and natural gas rise up to replacement cost. And the result would be to cause massive conservation such as we have already seen this last year with respect to gasoline. Drivers already are using 7 percent less gasoline. And industry, which uses a third of all energy, and is very cost conscious, would be the biggest saver of all. As this makes the United States more self-sufficient in fuels, it will weaken the temptation to engage in military activities in the Middle East, and it will also make alternative energy sources feasible much sooner.

continued on page 91



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Voting is more than a right and privilege: It is a solemn duty. As American citizens, each and every one of us has an obligation to go to the polls on November 4 and cast a ballot for the candidate of our choice. You *have* to go out and traipse through the slush and stand in line with strangers and vote for somebody, whether you want to or not. And you *know* whoever you vote for, Republican or Democrat, is just gonna mess up your life for the next four years anyway. And if you go vote for a *third* party, that just encourages them to get even pushier at nagging you to vote for them in the *next* damn election. So here are eight real safe people to choose from. Certified candidates for president, sure, but not a snowball's chance for any of 'em.

The Prophet Elijah is running to avert a nuclear holocaust—or so some of his constituents believe. Others believe that the prophet has fixed and ordained the precise



moment of Armageddon so thoroughly that only by voting for him may one be "saved" at the last minute. Elijah promotes a "general repentance on the part of America"—though whether this may postpone or hasten the End is unclear, and maybe immaterial.

Nell Fiola is 61 years old. She travels "spiritually" through space and time. Nell is



Minneapolis Tribune

running for president as the candidate of the New Millennium Committee. "With my campaign of enlightenment," she promises, "we can achieve higher levels of consciousness." Does Nell do drugs? What does Nell see on her jaunts through space and time? Vote for Nell, and perhaps all will be revealed.

Garrett Trapnell needs your vote desperately, mainly because he can't vote for



UPI

himself, being a convicted felon. Specifically, Trapnell is running on the National Christian Democratic Party ticket from the federal pen in Marion, Illinois, where he's serving two consecutive life terms for air piracy, conspiracy to kidnap and attempted escape. His political convictions are thoroughly reprehensible, but his record undeniably stands for itself.

Louis Abolafia is continually running for president, mayor of New York City, and God knows what other offices, on a broad variety of political

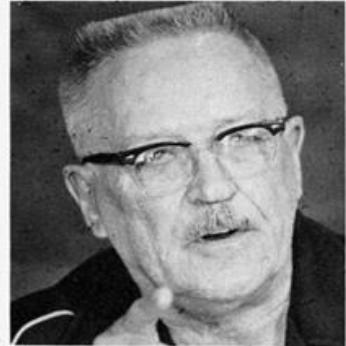
platforms that generally involve a lot of feminine nudity. Though Abolafia, 39, rarely presents *himself* to press scrutiny in a state of full frontal nudity, he is invariably surrounded by sundry young



Paul McGivern

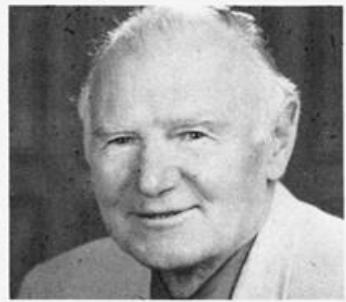
women entirely unhampered by wearing apparel. "The nudity is symbolic," explains Abolafia.

John Graham claims to represent "200 million



Americans on the verge of a nervous breakdown." Champion of the Little People's Party, Graham modestly proposes himself as an alternative to Valium for all ye who are heavy-laden with woe, uncertainty, taxes, inflation, nuclear-family breakdown and all that. "We the people," he has said in his Fort Smith, Arkansas, diner, "are tired of being the goat."

Daniel Sanderson, a retired contractor from Arroyo Grande, California, says all



our problems can be solved if we will only stop buying stuff. If we all pledged to stay away from cash registers, why, inflation would plummet, inventories would pile up and things would be just like they were back in the 1940s. Solomon, being a retired contractor from California, has a very rosy memory of the 1940s.

Earl Blackjack Stevens wants total decontrol of firearms and prayers back in the schools. But wait! This guy *also* says we ought to just pitch all those fat-asses out of Congress—"Unelect Congress," that's Earl's campaign slogan—and then everybody who wants to can vote on important bills, see, at our local post



offices. Earl is five-eighths Cherokee, publishes the *CB Truckers News*, and hell-shit sure, you all could do *lots* worse than vote for ole Earl.

Michael Hill is running under a stiff constitutional handicap: At 25, he's simply too young to become president under the terms of the U.S. Constitution. Mike



Jeff Pearcey

says he's *actually* just trying to whip up some "Who's Michael Hill?" advance charisma, a la "Jimmy Who?", for when he runs for *real* in 1992. This Oshkosh, Wisconsin, reporter, out of all the candidates on this page, clearly has the most material interest in keeping this country afloat, for the next 12 years at least. □

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Charles Fort: Chicken Little

At precisely 9:18 on the morning of February 19, a large kitchen sink of gleaming porcelain and shining chrome came crashing out of a cloudless sky into the backyard of one Waldo Yentz, forever destroying his favorite rosebush. In a fit of high pique, Mr. Yentz called the police, the newspapers, the FAA, the U.S. Air Force and his elderly aunt in Toledo. Great crowds soon gathered in the Yentz backyard to gaze upon the errant plumbing.

A learned professor from a nearby college hastily organized a press conference and announced that the sink had obviously fallen from a high-flying jet plane. He did not visit the Yentz yard, however, pointing out that when you've seen one sink you've seen them all. The Air Force, on the other hand, told reporters the object must have dropped off a truck passing by on the main highway, which was a mere mile and a half from the Yentz homestead. Mr. Yentz's aunt saw the event as an indication that God was mad at somebody. His wife, Shirley, told the curious that she never did like the neighborhood and wasn't surprised when the sink made its appearance. Anything could happen in such a rotten neighborhood.

Unbeknownst to the befuddled Yentzes, kitchen sinks were bombarding a Moscow suburb that week and *Pravda* denounced them as part of a new imperialist plot. In London's Hyde Park, a pigeon fancier was brained by a piece of aerial plumbing on the same day that the Yentz rosebush was flattened. On the other side of the world, in New Guinea, the natives were made restless by a massive urinal that tumbled from the heavens. They immediately built a shrine around it and began worshiping it.

Official news of the crashing sinks traveled slowly, for the major news media were preoccupied—as always—with the ambiguous statements of politicians, rumors of war and cover-ups within cover-ups. But slowly reports of plummeting plumbing were being collected by the some 1,500 people scattered around the world who make it their business to keep track of such things. In time, they would issue a massive final report on the matter, accusing the governments of the world of withholding the facts about falling sinks from the public and demanding that the United Nations organize a team of scientists to look into the matter. They would be ignored, of course. They're used to being ignored. It's proof that a massive conspiracy exists to suppress the truth.

These people call themselves Forteans. They hate each other with a fierce passion, and are completely suspicious of everyone else. When the first Fortean Society was founded back in 1932, the man after whom it was named, Charles Fort, flatly refused to join, grumbling that he would sooner join the Elks. The society's journal, *Doubt*, was published at random intervals, usually one issue every two or three years, and its editorial position was that it was against everything and everybody. Those matters that were not direct governmental conspiracies were obviously plots contrived by the military and scientific establishments. Latter-day Forteans envision a massive military-religious-industrial complex that runs the world and is deliberately leading us all to ruination and damnation. Since each Fortean has a theory to explain the bizarre things he is investigating, and since each theory contradicts all other theories, the world of Forteana is a bedlam



Was Right

by John A. Keel

of battered egos and misplaced sentiments. The Forteans not only expect to be ignored, they demand it!

Despite all the nonsense, when we have finally scrambled and crawled our way through the unfortunate 20th century we may look back and realize with a terrible shock that Charles Hoy Fort towers above Winston Churchill, Albert Einstein, Tom Edison and all the other alleged giants of these hundred years that ate saints and farted Hitlers. Fort squeezed the udders of the sacred cow of science and he made us recognize that we are living in an age of miracles. An age when kitchen sinks could fall from the skies while little green men from somewhere else cavorted in our city parks. He opened our eyes to things that had been there all along. He cataloged OOPTHS (Out Of Place THingS) and FAFROTSKIES (things that FALL FROm The SKIES).

Ivan T. Sanderson, a leading Fortean, had this to say in his book *Investigating the Unexplained*:

...an extraordinary man named Charles Hoy Fort...set wheels in motion that have now brought all of us, from scientists to bumpkins, back to *reality*. Fort did this single-handedly by the use of two weapons—a spear and a shield. The spear was nothing less than the amazing truth itself with which he jabbed and stabbed at orthodoxy and unorthodoxy alike whenever he spotted a chink in their armour; and there were not only chinks but gaping holes displayed by that of the former. His shield was a rather fiendish sense of humor, which he also used as an offensive weapon—and there is nothing more deadly than satire for puncturing stuffed shirts. However, contrary to popular opinion, Fort never denigrated

true science. He went after every type of pontificator or other idiot claiming superiority, and in doing so, he always chose first to quote from the pontificator himself before inserting his spear. Meanwhile, he spent his life collecting every type of "left-over" that he could find in the tangible world of reality. Most prominent among these were *safrotskies* and *oopths*.

Born in Albany, New York, on August 9, 1874, Charles Fort had a rather mundane, even dull, life. He passed his days in the New York Public Library, sifting through old scientific journals at the expense of his eyesight. His eyes had always been weak and by the time he died he was almost totally blind. Every single night, Fort and his wife, Anna, would go to the silent movies. That probably didn't help his waning eyesight either.

It was his misfortune to live in an age when writers were cheated and conned, ignored and abused, and expected to starve—a period not too unlike the 1980s. At the age of 18 he became editor of a newspaper published in Queens, New York, *The Independent*, which died after a few issues. So, in 1893, at the age of 19, he set out to hitchhike around the world. Already he was an imposing young man, nearly six feet tall, somewhat overweight (he would be "portly" all his life), with a fashionable mustache and a pair of thick-lensed glasses perched on his nose. His grandfather, John Hoy, financed his adventures by supplying him with the lordly sum of \$25 per month—more than enough needed to survive in those days.

In the grand tradition of all young adventurers, he slept under the stars beside the railroad tracks, went hungry and dreamed of the glorious days ahead when his travels would



inspire immortal short stories and novels. Instead, he contracted a fever in South Africa. It was a mysterious malady, probably malaria, and would hound him for the rest of his days. He returned a shuddering wreck to New York City where an English girl, Anna Filing, nursed him back to health. They were married on October 26, 1896. They did not live happily ever after. Obsessed with the business of writing, Charles Fort was doomed to spend many years on the periphery of society, barely able to meet the rent for a succession of dingy furnished rooms. He held a number of temporary jobs, working as a hotel clerk, watchman and dishwasher. During the cold winters he and his wife broke up the furniture to keep the fire going. By the time he was 30 he had written ten novels. Only one, *The Outcast Manufacturers*, was ever published. It laid a large egg.

However, Fort's sense of humor enabled him to write salable short stories. Theodore Dreiser, a young editor at *Smith's Magazine* in 1905, later recalled: "Fort came to me with the best humorous short stories that I have ever seen produced in America. I purchased some of them.... And other editors did the same. And among ourselves—Richard Duffy of *Tom Watson's*, Charles Agnew MacLean of *The Popular Magazine*, and others—we loved to talk of him and his future: a new and rare literary star."

Despite the growing demand for his stories, Fort found it difficult to keep bread on the table. "Have not been paid for one story since May," he wrote in his diary in December 1907. "Have two dollars left. *Watson's* has cheated me out of \$155. Dreiser has sent back two stories he told me he would buy, one even advertised to appear in his next number.... Everything is pawned... I am unable to write. I can do nothing else for a living. My mind is filled with pictures of myself cutting my throat or leaping out the window, head first." In his early diaries, notes and letters (now preserved at the New York Public Library) Fort complained of frequent spells of depression and dark suicidal moods. These would be followed by frenzied fits of writing when he would churn out novels and short stories by the pound. He was obviously a manic-depressive type personality and it is even possible that his malarialike malady was actually one form of the mysterious physical ailments that plague such personalities.

Somewhat Fort and Anna managed to stay alive through those bad years. Around the age of 32, he began to spend more and more time in the New York Public Library. While browsing through some old scientific journals, he had come across some odd, unexplained items and he discovered that the journals, newspapers and magazines of the 18th century were crammed with such items. There were strange objects seen in the sky, weird creatures and machines rising out of the world's oceans, peculiar foreign objects falling from the sky—everything ranging from great quantities of raw meat and blood to hand-carved stone pillars. People and things were often disappearing suddenly only to reappear halfway around the world. Human footprints and man-made objects were constantly turning up in coal mines and geological strata dating back millions of years.

Fort recorded these reports on tiny scraps of brown paper, writing his notes in his own special code. Day by day, month by month, year by year, the notes accumulated until he had thousands of them. In 1915, at the age of 41, he started to organize these notes into a book he planned to call "X and Y." He never finished it, discarding it for another idea—a book that would eventually appear as *The Book of the Damned*. In May 1916, his uncle, Frank Fort, died leaving him a small inheritance; small but sufficient in those days to support him and Anna for the rest of their lives. The long struggle was over. The Forts moved to a little apartment in the Bronx.

When *The Book of the Damned* was completed, wary editors read the opening lines and held their noses: "A procession of the damned. By the damned, I mean the excluded. We shall have a procession of data that Science has excluded. Battalions of the accused, captained by pallid data that I have exhumed, will march. You'll read them—or they'll march. Some of them livid and some of them fiery and some of them rotten."

By this time, Theodore Dreiser had become one of America's most famous and most influential novelists. He was also Fort's leading advocate. He took the manuscript of *The Book of the Damned* to his own publisher, Horace Liveright, and dumped it on his desk. Liveright reluctantly read it and then complained, "I can't publish this. It'll lose money." Dreiser told him flatly, "If you don't publish it, you'll lose me." So Liveright contacted



an amazed and delighted Charles Fort. Today, 60 years later, Dreiser is almost forgotten except for a few college classes, and Liveright has been reduced to a footnote in books about the 1920s. But the works of Charles Fort remain in print in paperback editions in every drugstore.

Fort's response to the publication of his first book since his ill-fated novel a decade earlier was to sink into a deep depression. He gathered up his notes—an estimated 40,000 of them—and burned them all. Then he and Anna packed their bags and sailed for England. Fort believed that his book was a flop (sales were very sluggish) and that he had wasted his life. He was 46 years old.

American dollars stretched much further in Europe in those days, so the Forts settled in London for eight years. We don't know how Anna spent her days while her husband went off to the British Museum to pour over old books and crumbling magazines. In the evenings he often joined the loafers at the Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park to amuse himself in debates. His second book, *New Lands*, was written in London. It dealt chiefly with "sky quakes," the thunderous explosions that have emanated from the sky for hundreds of years throughout the world. In recent years, these sky quakes have occurred every January and February in the northeastern United States. The "authorities" (who are these idiot "authorities"?) have repeatedly assured reporters that they are caused by jet planes, especially the Concorde supersonic job. They neglect to mention the long history of the phenomenon. Sky quakes were with us long before jets, or even airplanes, had been invented. In 1952 columnist Dorothy Kilgallen was complaining about the sky quakes that were shaking Long Island and Connecticut—areas that have suffered from these explosions for at least 300 years.

Fort envisioned, tongue in cheek, a land in the sky that served as home base for all the debris that keeps falling on us. Huge blocks of ice, for example, have been crashing through rooftops for hundreds of years, occasionally killing people and livestock. Today when a 50-pound hunk of ice hurtles into someone's living room our learned "authorities" announce that it fell from a passing airplane. They even have the audacity to claim that it is refuse from the plane's bathroom. Of course, any pilot will tell you there is no way for the bathrooms to

discharge water while in flight but our "explainers" never bother to check such details. Fort chuckled a bit about these ice falls and suggested there might be great aerial ice fields up there. A silly notion, yet a few years ago NASA suggested the same thing. Somewhere hundreds of miles overhead there might be "new lands" of ice.

Critics of Fort, most of whom are members of the scientific establishment and have never even read his books, complain that his main sources were newspapers. This is not so. He carefully cited all his sources in his books and they are mostly scientific journals, particularly journals of astronomy. Fort took great glee in pointing up the stupidity of astronomers, usually damning them with their own words. "I don't know what the mind of an astronomer looks like, but I think of a fizzle with excuses revolving around it," he wrote in *New Lands*.

Each new generation of astronomers discards all the theories of the previous generation and creates some whoppers of their own. Our space probes have disproven many of the most cherished myths of modern astronomy. Too bad Fort wasn't around to view the intellectual acrobatics of the 1960s. Astronomers were proven wrong about many of the basics of our solar system (e.g., the temperature of Venus, the age of the moon, the rotation of Mercury, the topography of Mars). Until 1960, all leading astronomers flatly denied the possibility of extraterrestrial life. Then NASA and the space program began flashing big bucks—tax dollars—for investigations into life on other worlds. And everyone immediately jumped on the bandwagon. Suddenly we were being told that there must be billions of inhabited planets out there. Some scientists created "exobiology," the study of extraterrestrial life. Since we have no samples of such life, and since all of our efforts with radio telescopes and such have failed to find evidence of even a single planet outside our solar system, it is mighty difficult to investigate such life. We poured many millions of dollars down that exobiology rat hole. Now that the gravy train has ended, the astronomers are quietly retreating to their pre-1960 position.

Fort was not against the astronomers. He was amused by them. But the other sciences are just as amusing. Archaeologists have been busy burying more things than they dig up because everything must fit into their theories. For



We are property, according to Fort. Somebody or some *thing* owns this miserable little planet and owns us as well.

example, they tell us that North America was unsettled by anyone except Indians before the Europeans arrived. They overlook all the stone towers and structures found all over this continent (including miles of paved roads) when the pilgrims arrived. Fort cataloged all kinds of metal objects (the Indians didn't work metals) from swords and axes to coins that have been found and dated as pre-Columbian. Somebody was mining ore and coal in this country and pumping oil in Pennsylvania before Columbus set sail. Rather than tussle with the problem of identifying those mysterious North Americans, the archaeologists have chosen to ignore the artifacts they left behind.

Intellectual cowardice is only one of the problems of the academic community. Fort rubbed their noses in the swill generated by their gibberish and illiteracy. It was no secret then—or now—that academic publications follow a style designed to protect the inept and to conceal total ignorance. People with nothing to say, and lacking even the ability to say nothing, can hide behind the academic method for a lifetime.

"I shall be scientific about it," Fort noted. "Said Sir Isaac Newton—or virtually said he—"If there is no change in the direction of a moving body, the direction of a moving body is not changed. But," continued he, "if something be changed, it is changed as much as it is changed".... How do geologists determine the age of rocks? By the fossils in them. And how do they determine the age of the fossils? By the rocks they're in. Having started with the logic of Euclid, I go on with the wisdom of a Newton."

Perhaps the most widely quoted Fortean statement is his allegation that we "are property," that somebody or some *thing* owns this miserable little planet, and owns us as well. Fort had reinvented religion! Like the religionists, he saw that mankind was constantly being manipulated, that some undefinable influence was controlling our individual and collective destinies.

Thus, in his way, Mr. Fort reinvented what theologians call predestination. He knew, as our better-informed philosophers now know, that the present does not control the future but rather that the future—and its needs—somehow controls the past. If Adolf Hitler had been born in Bolivia, 20 million victims might still be alive. But the future needed Hitler because it needed the atomic bomb and the accompanying hardware capable of destroying the planet. We would not have developed the doomsday machine if we hadn't launched a crash program as part of our effort to crush Mr. Hitler. We not only failed to save his 20 million victims, we built the gallows for the entire human race. Since we still do not know how to read the future, we are all Napoleons marching confidently to Waterloo.

Fort and his wife returned to New York in 1929, just in time to watch the lemmings of Wall Street pull the flush lever on the economy. Luckily, Fort had invested his meager inheritance in the right kind of bonds and real estate ventures, so he managed to stay afloat. They moved back to the Bronx and he worked on his next book, titled *LO!* This one assaulted the astronomers—again—and listed the many strange reports of unidentified aerial objects. Sitting in his tiny study, Fort pecked out two simple sentences that, although he probably didn't realize it fully at the time, would invent the flying-saucer mystery, define it and touch upon the only possible explanations. "Unknown, luminous things, or beings," he

observed, "have often been seen, sometimes close to this earth and sometimes high in the sky. It may be that some of them were living things that occasionally come from somewhere else in our existence, but that others were lights on the vessels of explorers, or voyagers, from somewhere else."

For the first 23 years of the modern UFO epoch (1947–1970) the notion that those mysterious lights and objects belonged to "the vessels of explorers, or voyagers, from somewhere else" was the most popular theory. A handful of cranks and wishful thinkers spread the propaganda that extraterrestrial visitants were flocking to this mudball. But the great UFO wave of 1964–68 attracted a new generation of investigators and scientists. They soon realized that the extraterrestrial hypothesis was untenable for many reasons. So they fell back on the explanation that the objects came "from somewhere else in our existence." That "somewhere else" could be as elusive as the fabled fourth dimension, or the "other planes" of psychic lore. Fort, himself, had realized early in the game that the events he was studying *were not unusual*. They happened year after year, century after century. More importantly, they tended to occur in the same geographical locations. This strongly indicates that these events—be they fish falling from the sky or strange aircraft adorned with flashing lights—are inexorably linked with the earth. They are as much a part of our environment as clouds and bumblebees.

Another important factor, often overlooked by believers in a single type of phenomenon—to the exclusion of all other types—is that all of the Fortean events are interrelated in some mysterious fashion. Science-fiction writer Damon Knight went through the trouble of extracting some 1,200 events from Fort's books. These were fed into a computer at the Bell Laboratories in New Jersey and some very interesting patterns were revealed.

"One salient fact about UFOs is missing from all modern accounts I have seen," Knight commented. "Fort's data show that they are not isolated phenomena. Unknown flying objects, unknown bodies seen in space, appearances and disappearances, poltergeist activity, falls of strange substances and organisms from the sky—all these things show strong positive correlations with each other. Taken together, they show evidence of rhythmic fluctuation."

Incredible though it may be, sightings of sea serpents tend to occur simultaneously with sightings of unidentified flying objects, showers of frogs and worms and kitchen sinks (actually no kitchen sinks have ever been reported—the anecdote at the beginning of this article was just a sly hoax), and mysterious disappearances. As for the latter, they are most often grouped in the month of July—which is also a big UFO month. A man goes out to mow his lawn and is never seen again. Some 3,000 people disappear annually in the United States in this fashion; that is, 3,000 people vanish with no apparent motivation, no hint of what happened to them or how. Naturally, many hundreds of thousands of others disappear, fleeing the law, relatives, or creditors. When a UFO wave develops (usually about once every five years), we can be sure that sightings at Loch Ness will increase sharply, that showers of stones (always warm to the touch) will start pelting isolated homes in suburbia, and that people will start to disappear everywhere. These manifestations are accompanied by magnetic storms—sharp and dramatic deviations in the earth's magnetism in certain locales—particularly in areas such as the famous

continued on page 99

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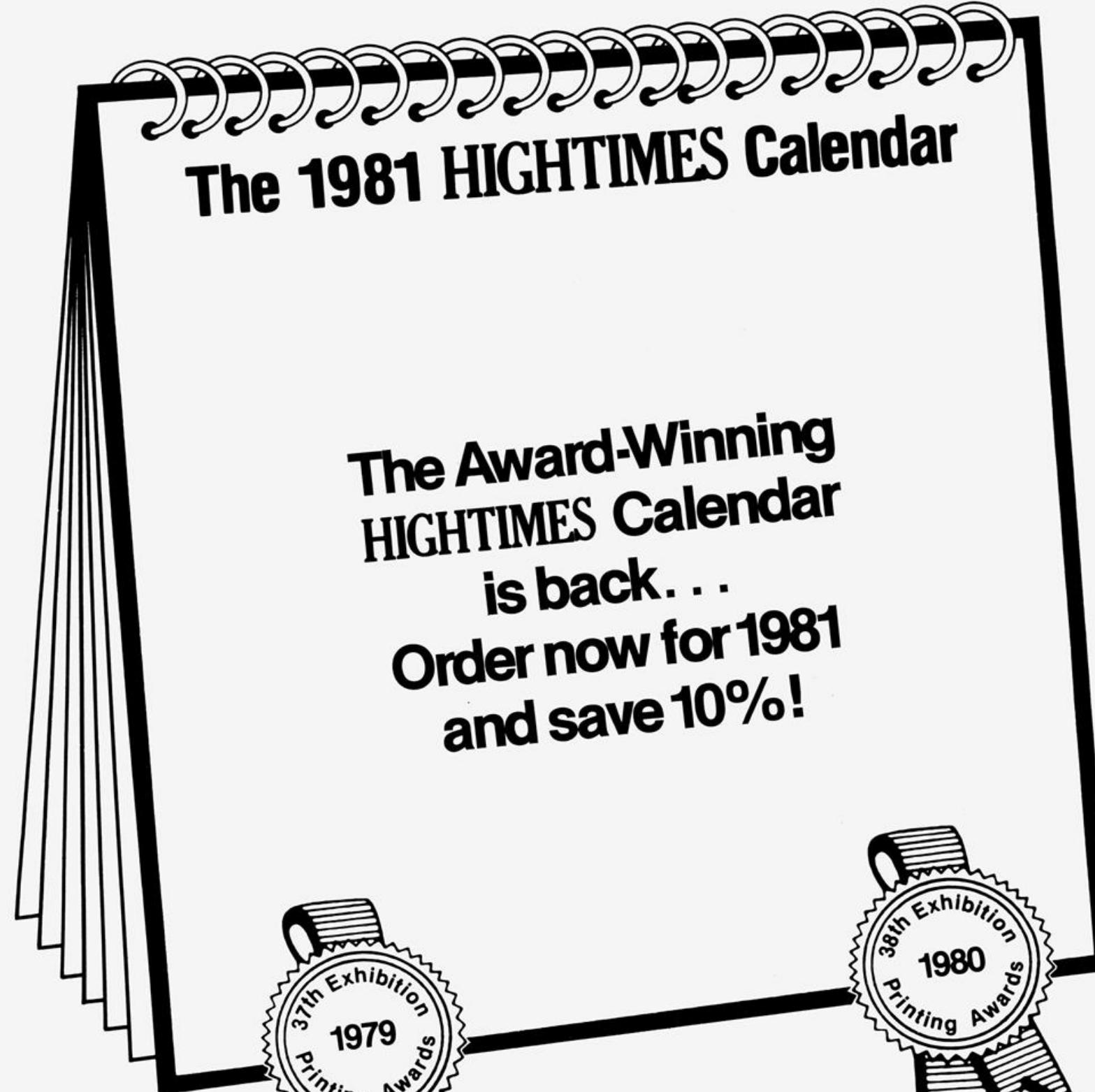
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Canned Goods







Loafing:

Goof-offs talk about what they don't do and how they feel about not doing it

**Compiled by Scott Cohen
Photos by Liza Himmel**

My God, what would the Pilgrims think? They busted their humps and broke their backs to settle this great land of ours. Now look at us: These past 300 years we've gone from pulling our ploughs to pulling our puds. The smirking young careerist and the compulsive go-getter have been silenced. Loafing has become acceptable, in some circles even chic. Studs Terkel, champion of the working man, has admitted, "People should loaf now and then. Loafing is good for the soul." We offer this piece then in celebration of that great inert mass who want neither to work nor play who, in the words of Melville's Bartleby, "prefer not to." Oh, children, our time is now!—Ed.

Mary Hobo—Terminal Loafing

I live in a private home in Manhattan with big rooms, a view of the Hudson, a grassy lawn, a big elm tree outside my bedroom window and I don't pay rent. I live under the railroad, under the overpass, in the Penn Central yard on 12th Avenue. I've tried working. I worked in factories and restaurants. I never made a dime. I was on welfare for some years until they threw me off. They said I was a freeloader. The last paycheck I got was in '72 when I

worked at the Horn & Hardart and I've been living better ever since. Now I get my food by the Ninth Avenue markets. They always throw out fruits and vegetables. I never had a steak in my life. I think I had lamb chops once and I got real sick and had to go to the hospital. Since then I stuck to fruits and vegetables. The only thing I have to buy is soap. Nobody ever throws away soap. I got a hydrant wrench so I don't have problems with water. I don't got no problems.





Leslie—Loafing in the Army
*He served in Vietnam with the 1st
of the 9th, the one Apocalypse
Now was about.*

When we weren't fighting we were getting stoned, drinking and fuckin' whores. The whores cost the equivalent of \$1.68. The dope was \$5 a pack, rolled and filtered.

The beer we stole. We stole fans, beds, refrigerators, every fuckin' thing we needed to loaf.

Before I was in the army I never got into pot. I began smokin' when things got heavy. We'd smoke under fire, fucked up. Most of the guys in my infantry were fucked up 24 hours a day. The army tries to keep your ass busy so you don't think about it. They don't want you to flip out.



Chico Resch—Loafing on Ice
*Glenn "Chico" Resch is the
goaltender for the New York
Islanders.*

In a game, when most of the action is down at the other end of the ice, it's easy to get distracted and let your mind wander. I daydream. I could fall asleep behind my mask. That's why the big thing with me is to stay outside the crease, so I'm allowing less net to shoot at, in case I get caught daydreaming and I'm not as sharp.

In between periods, I'll try to just relax. We might have three days off a season. I just try to get away from the hockey for those days.



**Malcolm Forbes—Capitalist
Loafing**
He is owner of Forbes Magazine.

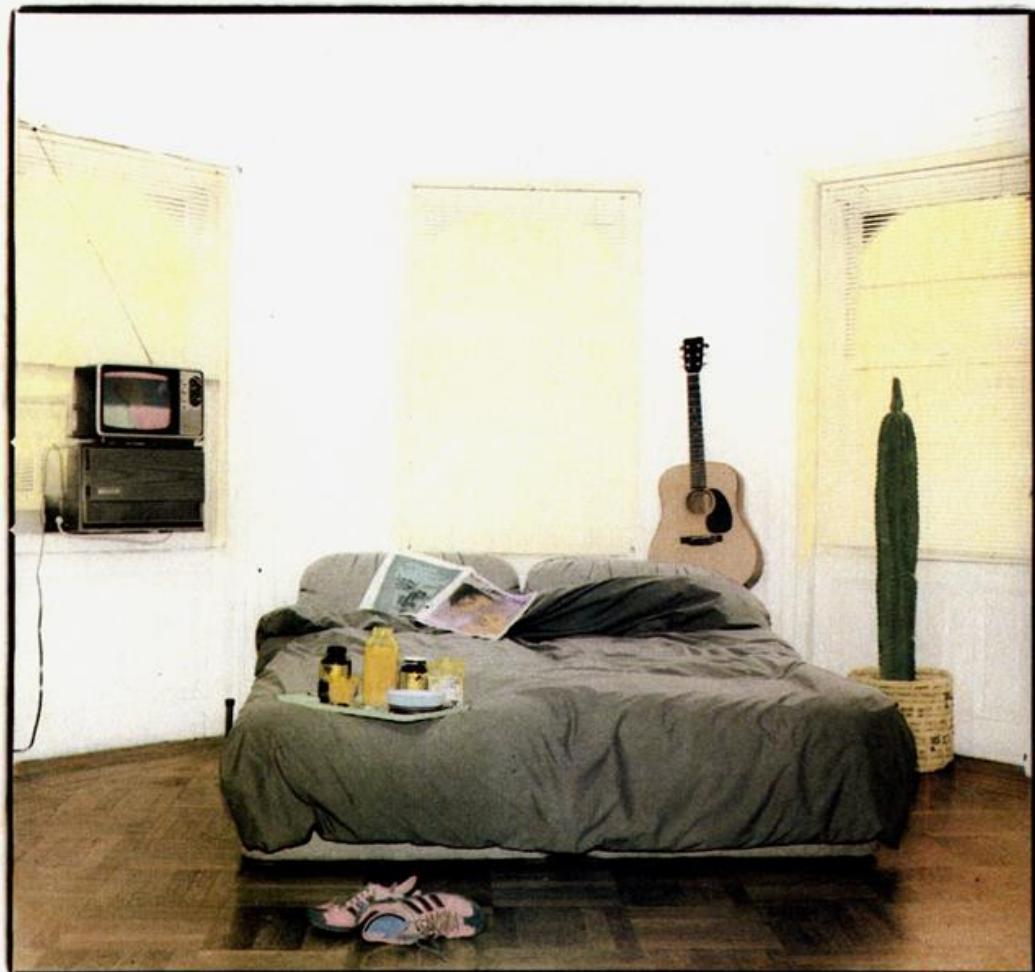
To me, loafing is another word for relaxing. People generally assume when you say loafing that it's related to do-nothingness. If he's loafing it means he must be leaning on a shovel when he should be digging a ditch. Or a loafer is somebody who never gets out of bed and never gets a job. But for me it's a change of activity. Everybody must have a change. You can't be in a routine, day in and day out, no matter what your job is. The only thing I find not relaxing and to me isn't loafing, is when I don't have anything to do. That isn't loafing to me. That's hard work.



Miriam Feinstein—Grandmother

Florida is the loafing state. That's where all retired people go. I used to come down here with my husband each year for a two-week vacation. Then he retired and now we're on a permanent vacation. This is the best place to

do nothing. My husband plays golf. When the kids come down to visit, they play tennis. For me, that's work. Even shuffleboard is work. I'd rather sit out on the back porch and crochet. The most I work is doing the *New York Times* crossword puzzle Sunday mornings.



Brian Wilson—in His Room

I had run out of ideas and I got zapped. I went up to my room and stayed up there for four years. That's where I got the stomach. I laid around and got fat. I beat off. I watched television a lot. I stayed in my room and wouldn't see anybody. I reclused it, definitely. I tuned into whatever it was Howard Hughes tuned in to. I don't know how, but I somehow got into wheew, wow, weird stuff in my head, you know, all mind and no activity for a while. I definitely loafed it.

I was experiencing an overload of programming. I was tapping into the source, and I figured the only way to deal with that was to say fuck everything, rather than deal with anything. In other words, loafing was a natural circuit breaker.

Eva Beaver—Off Duty Porn

My job is a loafing job. I'm lying down most of the time. The toughest part is between takes. There's a director, a producer and money backers and they're telling the production assistants what to do and the production assistants are telling the gofers what to do and finally it gets back to me.

To kill time between takes I usually jerk off. I do it because I don't get sexually satisfied enough. Between sets they run feature films and I watch and I can get very hot—hot to the point where I'm excited enough and horny enough that if no one is around to take care of me I'm ready to take care of myself.

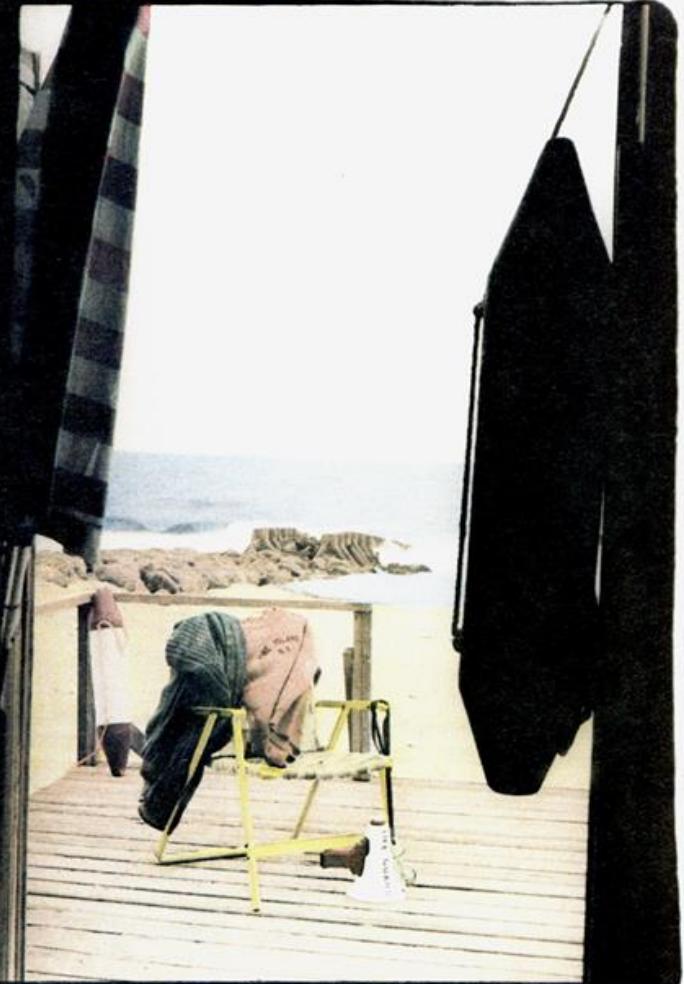
Sometimes I take care of myself because it's easier. Just by reading a script I can get hot, but as I'm reading I think what an asshole I got for a partner and I'll go into a private room and jerk off. I loaf enough to come five times a day.



Billy Miller—Loafing at the Beach

The toughest part about being a lifeguard is staying awake. And not getting too fucking sunburned. I sit on my ass five days a week, eight hours a day. Occasionally I'll have to jump in and save somebody. This year I made three saves. Last year five. The year before that eight. Other than blowing the whistle a few times, that's the only activity I get.

When it's cold or cloudy and there's no one in the water, is the worst. That's total monotony. Especially if there's no good-looking girls to watch. It's every lifeguard's fantasy to save some beautiful honey. If there's no girls out, I watch the waves. A perfect wave takes my breath away. Of course you can't read or get high, so I get into the pattern of the people in the water. Then five o'clock finally rolls around and it's over. I leap off my chair and dash into the water or over to the beer cooler, whichever is closer. □





The Alchemy of Love

Could this be magic? by Glenn O'Brien

Love is the drug and I need to score.

—Bryan Ferry, Roxy Music

Love comes on like acid. Same sort of weak feeling in the stomach. Same sort of hallucinations. Love is a trip. It can give you a rush like cocaine, making your nerve endings feedback like guitars. It can make you obsessive and paranoid like speed. It can get you strung out, hooked like smack. You can OD on it, burn out, lose everything. Or it can give you incredible visions, new perspectives, a feeling of calm, meaning. Pleasure beyond description. It can build you up or burn you out. It can kill you or make you live again. You can't buy it over or under the counter. A prescription won't help you, unless you find the right witch doctor. Love is the drug with a mind of its own.

You can't find it. You don't get into it, you fall into it. You can't smoke it, pop it, snort it or shoot it. Cupid shoots you with it only when he feels like it. You can't help it. It just . . . tasted right. It was a chemical reaction, his juice and her juice and there was smoke all over the place.

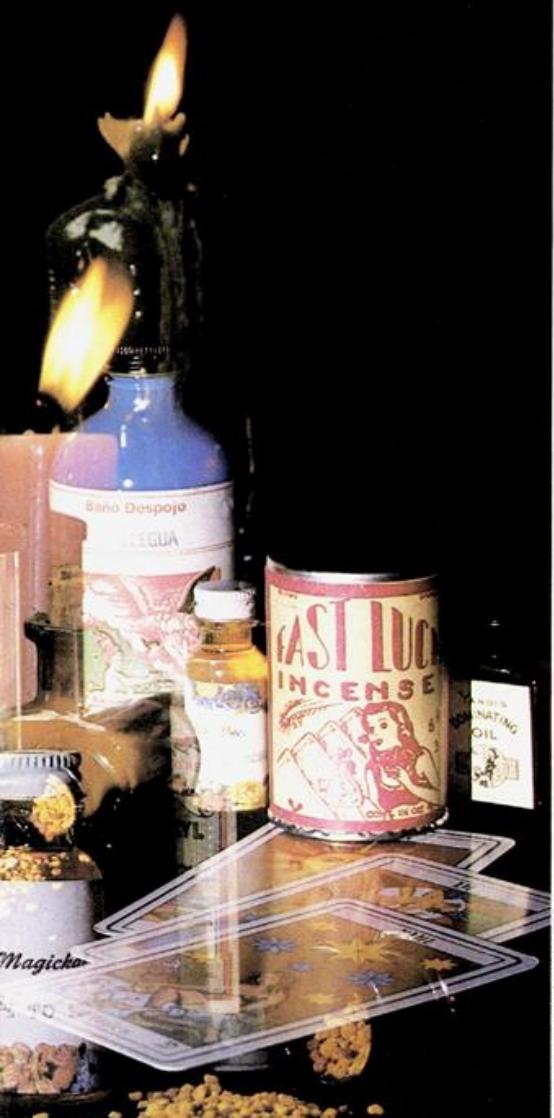
That love has a chemistry is an old story. Sexual excitement is obviously hormonal. But the actual chemistry of love is as yet somewhat elusive. Perhaps the mechanism of quite specific attractions is rooted in our very DNA. Falling in love or love at first sight may come from chromosomes matching like lock and key. But the chemical mechanism of *being in love* may be a little easier to observe. Some researchers, including Michael Liebowitz and Donald Klein of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, believe that love may be related to a specific brain chemical, phenylethylamine.

Occurring naturally throughout the nervous system, phenylethylamine works on the neurotransmitter systems affecting the movement of nerve signals at the

synapse. The amines, which include substances produced by the body as well as stimulant drugs such as amphetamines, have the potential to affect several of the receptors found in the nerve synapse. The principal receptor sights affected by phenylethylamine are those of the serotonin and norepinephrine systems. Among its other actions, chemical messenger serotonin stimulates broader associations in the brain, and when its system is activated by drugs such as LSD or marijuana it gives one a "spacy" feeling. Norepinephrine is related to adrenaline and when its system is artificially triggered by such drugs as cocaine or amphetamines, the result is a quickening of sensation, speediness and that "up" feeling. Mescaline, which occurs naturally in peyote, is a derivative of phenylethylamine and chemically resembles both norepinephrine and its precursor, dopamine. Dopamine is particularly concentrated in that part of the brain thought to involve emotion.

Anyway, phenylethylamine has lots of potential effects that might be commonly associated with love. Researcher Michael Liebowitz says, "Love brings on a giddy response comparable to an amphetamine high. The crash that follows a breakup is much like withdrawal." According to *Newsweek*, Liebowitz and Klein began to suspect that phenylethylamine was the love transmitter when each experienced cravings for chocolate after the breakup of a love relationship. Chocolate is very high in phenylethylamines, and it has a long history as a love drug.

Chocolate was first cultivated by the Aztecs of Mexico who believed that it had been brought down from heaven by the god Quetzalcoatl. It was great for the Aztecs but bad for Quetzalcoatl, who was subsequently excluded from heaven for this unauthorized boon. By the time Cortez invaded Mexico, *chocolate* was consumed in honor of Xochiquetzal, goddess of love, and Montezuma always



Props supplied by The Magical Child, NYC
Steve Strauss

had a gold cupful or two before visiting his harem.

Chocolate, the sex sensation of Europe for years after its arrival, was considered a love aid by experts as sophisticated as Casanova. It was condemned by the Vatican, banned for years in several European countries and the subject of the usual drug-scare journalism. It has remained a potent symbol of the love goddess: The blond venus has kept it alive since Jean Harlow in *Dinner at Eight*. It's still big business on Cupid Day. But over the years the reputation of chocolate, or perhaps chocolate itself, was tamed. It seems to have lost something—maybe in processing. The Aztecs didn't take sugar. Once a major aphrodisiac, today chocolate is safe enough for children. In fact, we may be immune to the erotic effects of chocolate because we have been loaded on it since weaning. Maybe we are a nation of

phenylethylamine heads, love addicts with a "love jones" and a bad "love hangover," as Diana Ross would say, maybe from too much "baby love."

At any rate, the brain docs are moving in on the love transmitter; they discovered "pleasure pathways" or "reward systems" in the brain. They may have found a chemical that produces love symptoms, but the chemistry of love isn't just the rush and its mechanism. What turns that on? Where's the trigger? Perhaps there is another chemical trigger, maybe a reaction between a chemical in you and a chemical in your lover. Mix juices and bingo, bang, zoom . . .

The Electrochemistry of Love

The chemistry of love is actually an old business. For hundreds of years love was explained chemically, alchemically and electrochemically in terms of vapors, humors and magnetism. In the 18th

century the German physician Friedrich Anton Mesmer, pursuing a theory of "animal magnetism," developed the technique of using hypnosis for psychosomatic illnesses. His healings were the rage of Paris, but the unconventionality of his techniques and perhaps a bit too much animal magnetism got him run out of town. But that did not diminish the rage he had created: Soon love was seen as the ultimate form of animal magnetism. Love has always kept up with the sciences.

Freud, father of psychoanalysis and cocaine, built a science around failed love and repressed sex. But he didn't create these pillars of his church—they were the keystone of the colonialist empires. To the Victorian mind, breeding was the important thing, love was generally lost and sex was a bother.

Freud hoped that Jung would carry on his work and one day Freud begged him to never give up the sexual theory. "You see, we must make a dogma of it," he said. "An unshakable bulwark. And promise this one thing my dear son: that you will go to church every Sunday." Jung answered: "A bulwark—against what?" "Against the black tide of mud," Freud said, and then hesitated before adding, "of occultism." It was not long after this that Jung split with Freud. Jung didn't become an occultist. He discovered "the problem of love and power": love as a power drive toward the superman. Freud and Jung agreed that man had evolved into a state where he expended much more energy into sexuality than was necessary for the reproduction of the species. The answer to the problem seemed to be successful sublimation—turning that excess sexual energy into something useful, like acquiring power. Jung thought Hitler was doing a good job of it.

Wilhelm Reich, a maverick psychotherapist out of the Freudian/Jungian axis, had a similar analysis, except what he thought was healthy was Jung's idea of sick, and vice versa. In *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* Reich analyzed the colonialist imperialist state as an institution based on certain pandemic neuroses and psychoses directly attributable to state- and religion-induced sexual repression.

According to Reich, most human ills, including the cancer epidemic, can be attributed to disturbances in the sexual function of the organism. Reich explained that sex was essential not only for reproduction but also for maintaining the proper balance of energy. Orgasm is as natural and necessary to health as eating or breathing. When a satisfactory orgasm

Jesus Loves You

Jesus is coming. Don't be surprised if He brings a date. One of the last and most moving of the books by Dr. Wilhelm Reich, who died in federal prison after the burning of his books by U.S. authorities, was *The Murder of Christ*. In it he wrote, "They will hide away the evidence of Christ's love for women, as God himself has created it, into deep dark catacombs with heavy locks at the doors and the keys thrown into the river.... Christ never mentions asceticism and we cannot, from what we hear in the four narratives about Christ, imagine him demanding abstention from the genital embrace, either for himself or for his followers. There is no indication to the effect that he lived in abstinence with the women he knew, and there is no indication in his whole being to such effect."

Among the Gnostic Christian documents uncovered at Nagh Hammadi, Egypt, in 1945 were several gospels and documents relating to the life of Christ. The documents, which were pronounced heretical by the church, were buried for safekeeping or posterity about 1,500 years ago. These gospels have much to say on the subject of Christ's sexual teaching and maybe even his sex life.

The Gospel of Philip says, "If the woman had not separated from the man, she would not die with the man. His separation became the beginning of death. Because of this Christ came to repair the separation which was from the beginning and again unite the two, and to give life to those who died because of

the separation and unite them."

The Gnostic gospels make it clear that Christ's teaching meant to make men and women the same, to break down the barriers between them so they might love each other. In the Gospel of Thomas, Jesus says, "When you make the two one, and when you make the inside like the outside and the outside like the inside, and the above like the below, and when you make the male and female one and the same, so that the male not be male nor the female female . . . and when you fashion eyes in place of an eye and a hand in place of a hand and a foot in place of a foot and a likeness in place of a likeness, then you will enter the Kingdom."

The Gospel of Philip relates, "There were three who always walked with the Lord: Mary his mother and her sister and Magdalene, the one who was called his companion." In this gospel Christ redefines adultery not as a sin against the institution of marriage, but against one's nature: He says, "Indeed every act of sexual intercourse which has occurred between those unlike one another is adultery."

That gospel also says, "And the companion of the Savior is Mary Magdalene. But Christ loved her more than all the disciples and used to kiss her often on her mouth. The rest of the disciples were offended by it and expressed disapproval. They said to him, 'Why do you love her more than all of us?' The Savior answered and said to them, 'Why do I not love her?'

is not achieved regularly the body builds up tension, and this accumulated tension contributes to a vast range of physical, mental and ultimately social problems. And in modern society very few individuals have a healthy sex life. From early childhood, natural sexual instincts are suppressed, resulting in a highly tense bodily condition even before puberty. Reich noted that the tensions of unreleased sexuality are cumulative and cause in the body a condition he called "armoring." Reich defined "muscular armor" as: "The sum total of the muscular attitudes (chronic muscle spasms) which an individual develops as a block against the breakthrough of emotions and organ sensations, in particular anxiety, rage and sexual excitation."

But muscles are wired to very complex personalities and so Reich explained that there is another sort of armoring—character armor—that is the behavioral equivalent and direct cause of muscular armoring. Reichian therapy breaks down with manipulation and massage the muscular armoring of the entire body, particularly the chronically spastic areas, starting with the eyes, mouth and chest and finishing with the most critically armored area: the pelvis. Reich found that once the tension of the musculature is relieved, most individuals are able to have rewarding orgasms.

While much of the sexual repression that made Western society neurotic may have been instituted in the name of love, as in the case of the institution of marriage, Reich was not about to blame love and glorify impersonal sexuality as many modern sexologists have. On the contrary, Reich believed that love was a natural and easily obtained state, not an unattainable or even difficult ideal. Once proper orgasm potential is achieved, love and sex become identical; kinks, fantasies, even taboos disappear as the lovers mutually surrender to their pleasure. Reich noted that in orgasmic partners there is little difference between the male and the female role in sex: "The man is spontaneously gentle, that is without having to cover up opposite tendencies, such as sadistic impulses, by a forced kind of gentleness . . . In the 'onanistic coitus' with an unloved object the gentleness is absent. The activity of the woman normally differs in no way from that of the man. The widely prevalent passivity of the woman is pathological and mostly due to masochistic phantasies of being raped."

When a sexual relationship is successful there is a great identification between partners; their feelings harmonize and unite. Love happens.



The Evolution of Love

Plato explains the great force of love, which he acknowledges as the first of the gods, comes from a great split that occurred at the beginning of human history. Aristophanes, one of the participants in Plato's *Symposium*, asserts that at one time the human race consisted of three sexes: male, female and hermaphrodite. At this time, he says, each person had four arms, four legs, two faces and was quite round. Those with both sexes, according to Aristophanes, "had terrible strength and force, and great were their ambitions; they attacked the gods, and what Homer said of Otos and Echialtes is said of them, that they tried to climb into heaven intending to make war upon the gods." The gods fought

back by cutting each man, woman and woman-man in half. "And if they choose to go on with their wild doings, and will not keep quiet," warned Zeus, "I'll do it again . . . And they shall hop about on one leg!"

When mankind found itself cut in half, love was born. "So when the original body was cut through, each half wanted the other, and hugged it; they threw their arms round each other desiring to grow together in the embrace and died of starvation and general idleness because they would not do anything apart from each other."

Aristophanes also used this mythic event to explain love, Athenian style. If a

Love was invented by marriage.
Before marriage, man went around on all fours
behaving promiscuously, just like chimps.

man was half a man-woman, Aristophanes explained, such a man would be fond of women, the type prone to adultery; if a woman were a cutting of the old man-woman, she would be fond of men, an adulteress. "The women who are a cutting of the ancient women," said Aristophanes, "do not care much about men, but are more attracted to women, and strumpetesses also come from this sex. But those which are a cutting of the male pursue the male."

Aside from providing an interesting explanation of mankind's complex sexuality, Aristophanes' tale of sexual creation also provided one of the best arguments for the "soul mate" theory. The soul mate might be the same sex or the opposite, but without finding one another the spiritual halves would never find the bliss of fullness. The soul mate theme is one of the great crowd pleasers throughout the classical periods of Western literature. One never meets cohabiting soul mates; the soul mate is always lost or unattainable. In Greek myth, Orpheus, mortal son of Apollo, travels to the underworld because his wife Eurydice has been abducted by the Prince of Darkness and they have been, according to Mr. Ovid, "joined by Love." Dante had his lost Beatrice, Gérard de Nerval had his lost Aurelia. Without the soul mate theme there would have been no stories, no cantos, no sonnets.

The romance of the halved souls could also describe, loosely of course, the process of evolution. Like Aristophanes in the *Symposium*, Dr. C. Owen Lovejoy, professor of anthropology at Kent State University, believes that love happened when men went from four legs to two. Lovejoy doesn't say anything about being split in half though. He makes it more like teaming up. Love was invented by marriage. Not like horse and carriage. Before marriage, man went around on all fours behaving promiscuously, he theorizes, just like chimps. This was fun, but not an efficient reproductive scheme. Humans got organized when natural conditions became more difficult. By pairing off, two adults could raise a large number of children. Without family division of labor, single mother chimps can raise only one child at a time. Love was the bond that held the first male and female together—it was based in sexual attraction that was based in evolution, improvement of the species.

But to compare Plato and Professor

Lovejoy's theses, perhaps there's more similarity than meets the eye. If man became man at some point during evolution from the apes, perhaps it was at the moment that he became conscious of himself. Was that when he first sought his reflection in a single mate? Or did he perhaps first become conscious of himself when he was somehow separated from his ideal biological mate, whom up until then he had been bonded with in consciousness as one unit? Perhaps this was the fall. It comes a little after the original idea of the fall. But it makes more sense. Paradise didn't arrive 'til Adam got Eve. It was over when they couldn't find each other; when soul mates were separated by space or time.

The soul mate or "sister soul" might represent an evolutionary target. Thus in some ways the soul mate might be more opposite than similar, representing qualities that are deficient in the partner. Genetically each partner would provide what the other lacks, building together a perfect unit. Evolutionary theory is not exactly a quantum leap from the myths in our closets.

Love at the End of the World
In the secret tradition of Judaism, the Kabbalah, one of the principal mysteries is the mystery of Shekinah, the great female who is called "the Mirror of Jehovah." In some cases she is the daughter of God, His bride or His sister, but in many manifestations she is clearly seen as Mrs. God. Jewish mysticism does not believe that perfection excludes the rapture of union.

According to Kabbalistic authority A.E. Waite, "marriage is the union of the Sacred Name here below—that is, its completion in each person . . . Now, the Sacred Name is never attached to an incomplete man, being one who is unmarried, or one who dies without issue. Such a person does not penetrate after death into the vestibule of Paradise, on account of his incompleteness. He is like a tree that is rooted up, and he must be planted anew—that is to say, he must suffer rebirth . . . in order that the Sacred Name may be completed in all directions."

The Kabbalah states that in the process of creation Jehovah was separated from Shekinah, and that the souls of men and women have been similarly separated from souls that mirror their own. But it is also a part of the tradition, according to

Waite, that at the time when the Messiah comes "all the souls who are kept in the treasury of souls against the day of their incarnation shall have actually come hither in the flesh . . . Then shall the chosen people deserve to find and shall not fail herein—the beloved and sister soul predestined to each from the beginning of creation."

The Quest

Stop in the name of love.

—Diana Ross and the Supremes

There were only two forms of legitimate activity for the gallant: love and combat. As Eric Auerbach points out in *Mimesis*: "Except feats of arms and love, nothing can occur in the courtly world—and even these two are of a special sort; they are not occurrences or emotions which can be absent for a time; they are permanently connected with the person of the perfect knight, they are part of his definition, so that he cannot for one moment be without adventure in arms nor for one moment without amorous entanglement. If he could, he would lose himself and no longer be a knight." Knights were limited to these two pastimes, and generally the relationship between the two was intimate: The knight was not depicted as fighting wars for political or social reason, but as accomplishing feats of arms, generally in the service of his lady.

Throughout the courtly tradition runs the theme of unattainable love—princesses imprisoned in towers, awaiting an impossible rescue—but the greatest love stories of the period, Tristan and Isolde, Erec and Enide, Perceval and Blancheflor, are not stories of unattainable love, but stories of ideal love realized. The great knight, with divine aid, was successful in his quest. No matter the plot's outcome, finding the perfect lover was victory enough.

The greatest quest in knightly romance is of course the quest for the Holy Grail. The conventional account of the Holy Grail is that it was the chalice in which Joseph of Arimathea caught blood dripping from the crucified Christ when he was pierced by the spear of Longinus. A vision of the Grail was the object of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, and only the purest knight could approach it.

Although the Grail Quest dominated Christian culture, the literature

continued on page 76

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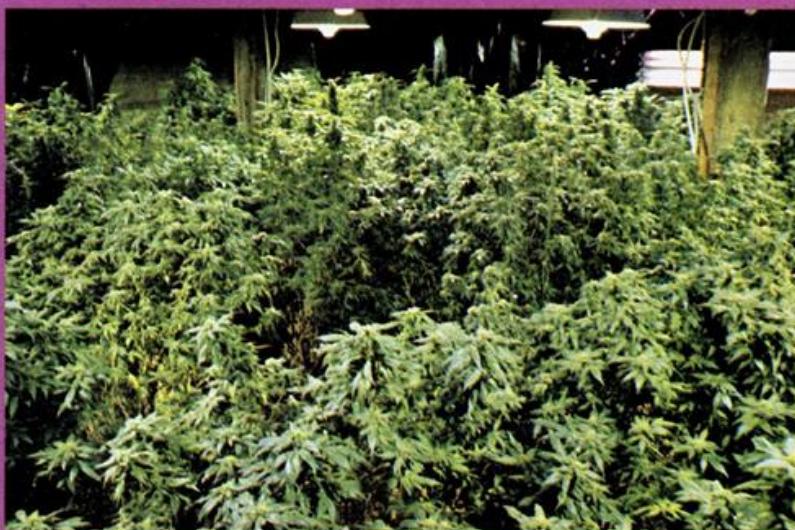
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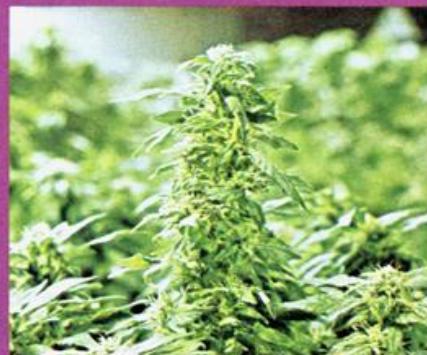
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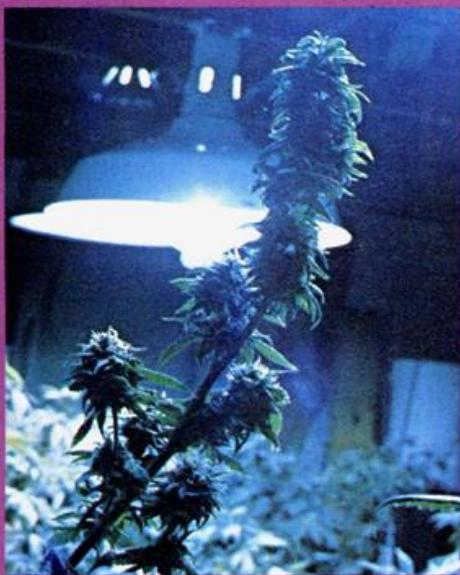
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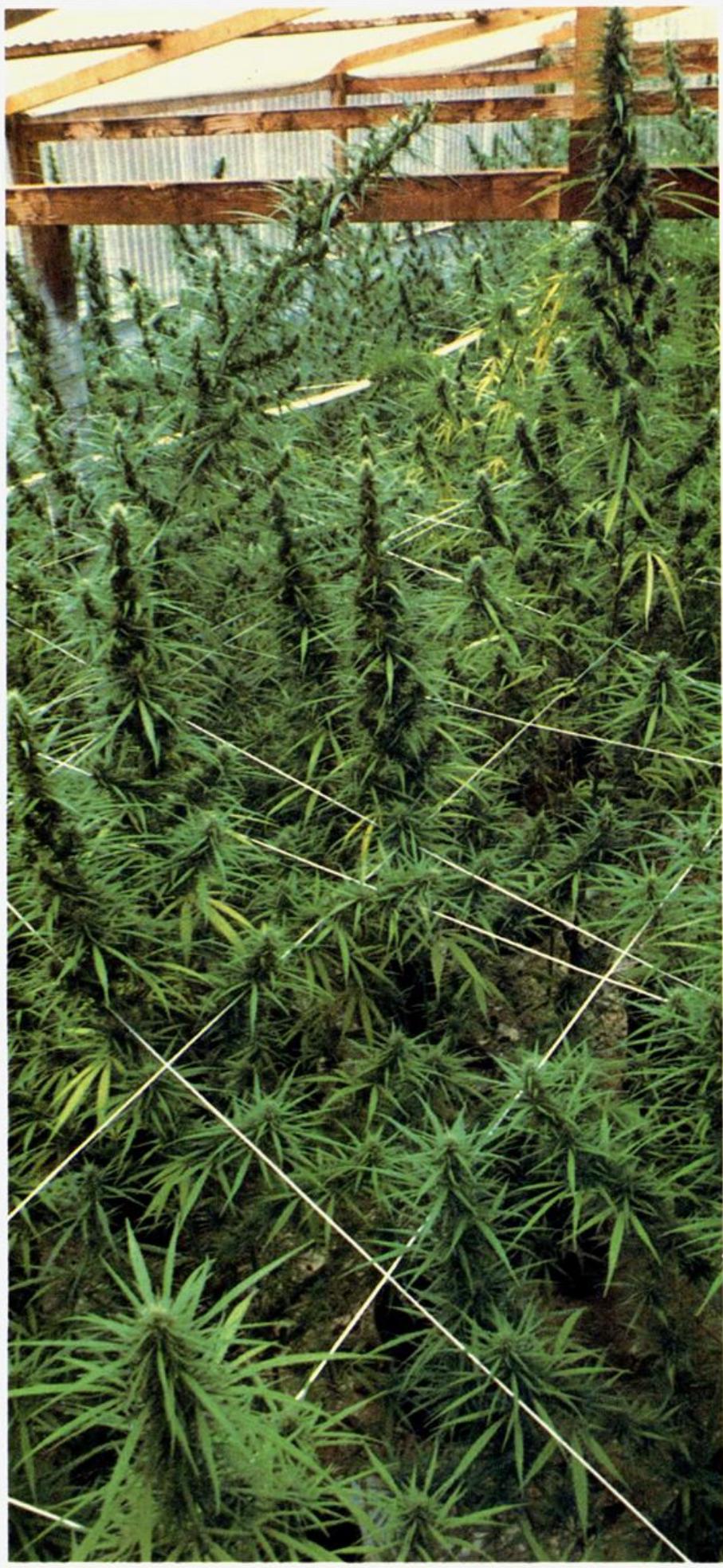


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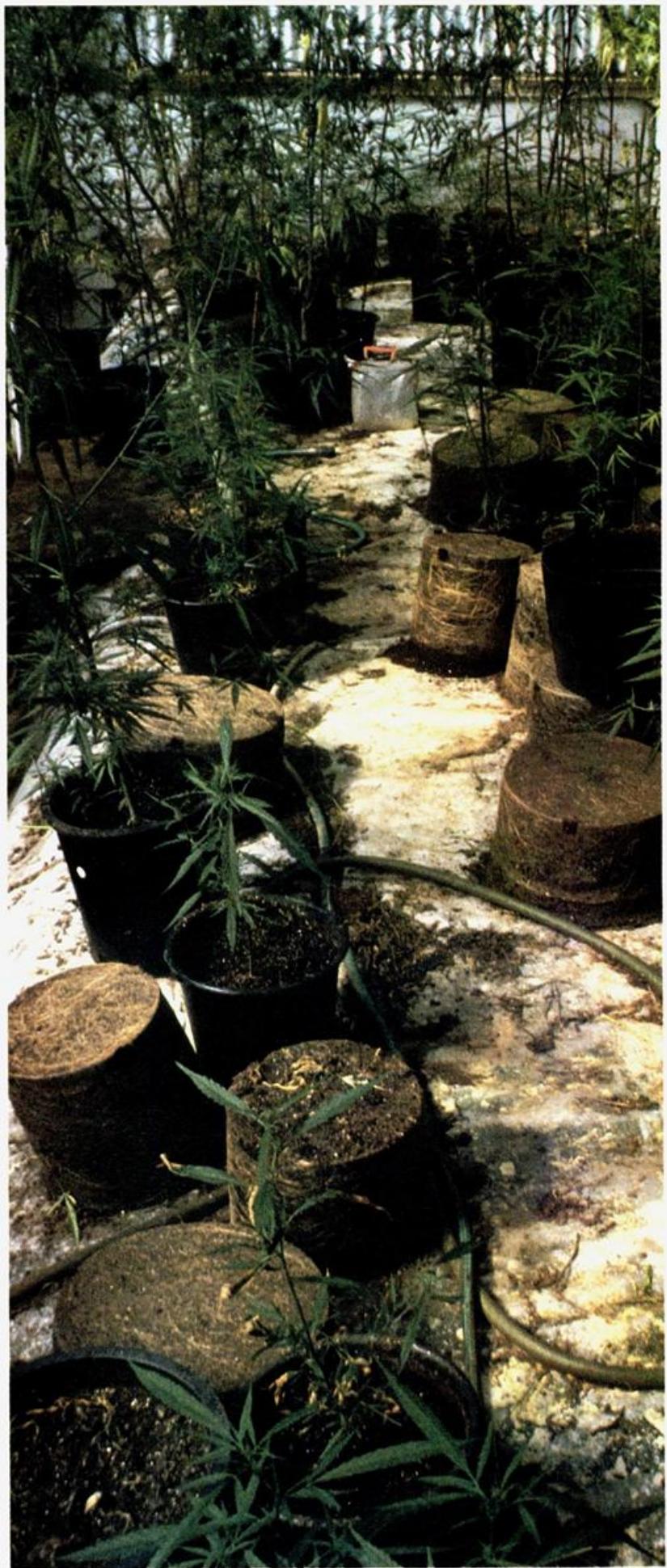
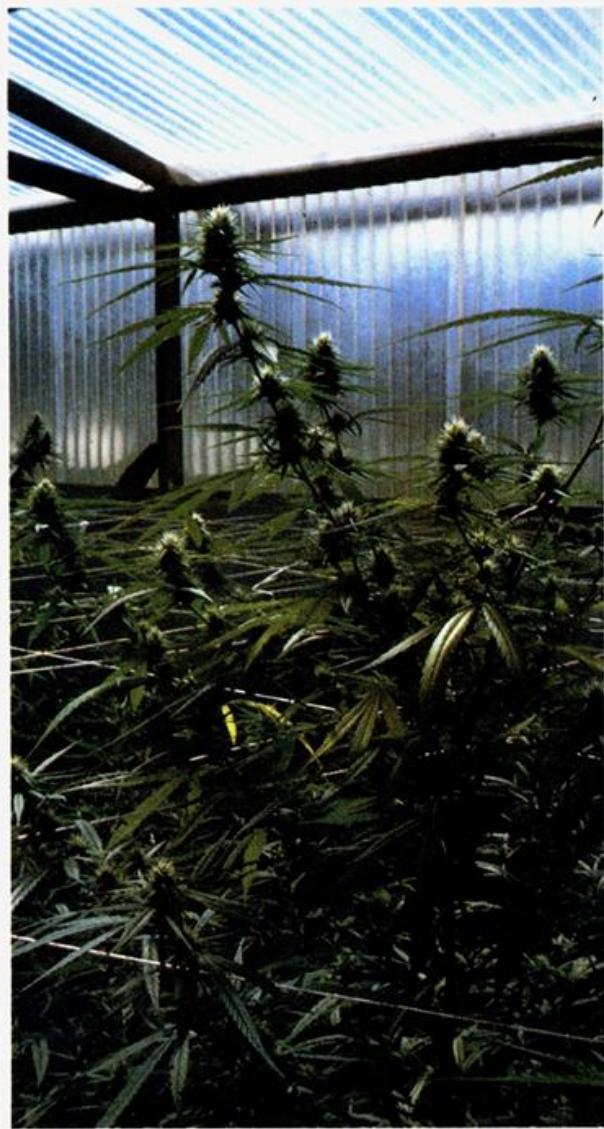




Sinsemilla Hashish

Photos by
Laurence Cherniak

Look, we're busy, it's bud time. You dope writers have your deadlines, we have ours, right? You think greenhouse sinsemilla growing is a cinch. It *sounds* simple, but it is a ball buster, a royal pain. Look at these lovelies to the left, 10 to 12 feet high; see the colas close up to the right, just exploding? You know how much *work* that involves? You have to pack every one of those two-gallon buckets—over at far right—with quick-grow fertilizer, see? Then transplant all females into them from the outdoor crop. Just as they start to show buds, get 'em indoors away from the males.



Kill the males? Hell no, that'd be stupid. You need a seed crop around, right? Well, you're not going to get a seed in a *peck* of dope from these *sinse* beauties, no way. And besides, male plants are okay, especially when you take the female plants away. Somehow the little buggers *know* there aren't any women in the patch, so they just start pumping out lots more pollen, heaps of it, so maybe the wind will carry it off someplace where there *are* female plants. So you get *kif* from the males. This is a pretty good crop of *Colomb sativa* with a mix of *Afghani indica*, and the Afghani's used to putting out lots of high-test *kif* pollen. Sometimes the air's so goddamn thick

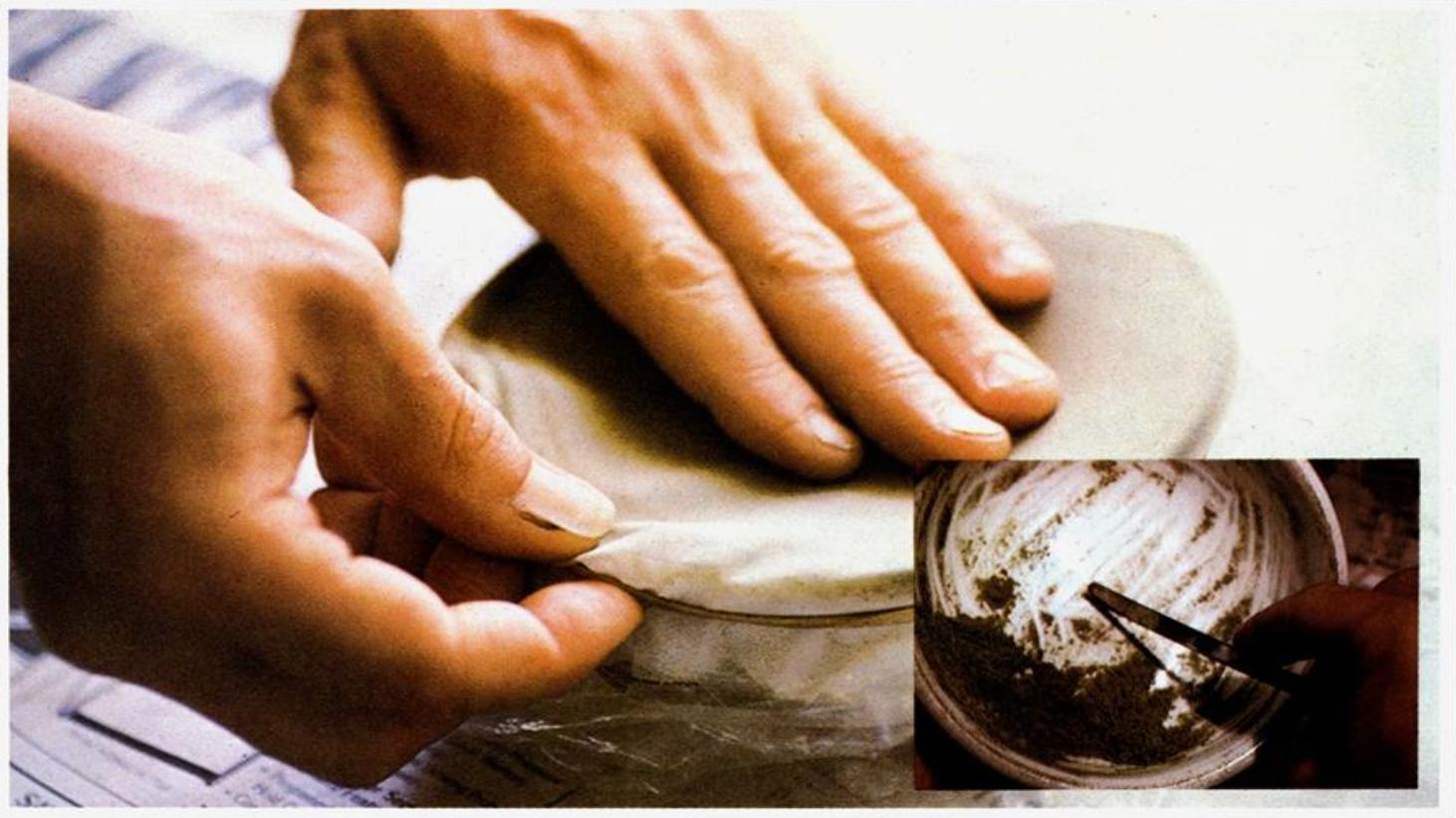


with it around here you come down with hay fever and have to wear surgical masks.

We cut back the photoperiod by covering the skylights with opaque mylar, they think they're back in Santa Marta or the Himalayas, and those old buds just start *undressing* right before your eyes, opening up good and wide, slopping over with resins . . . And then you have to snip 'em.

Yeah, you snip the first buds. Breaks your heart, but it has to be done, so's the secondary buds will flourish fatter. I mean, you have to go over these ladies with *manicure shears*, like a damn *hairdresser*, hours and days of clipping buds. And the exhaust fans, and the dehumidifier . . . The electric bill's a bitch for the next couple weeks until they get like this.

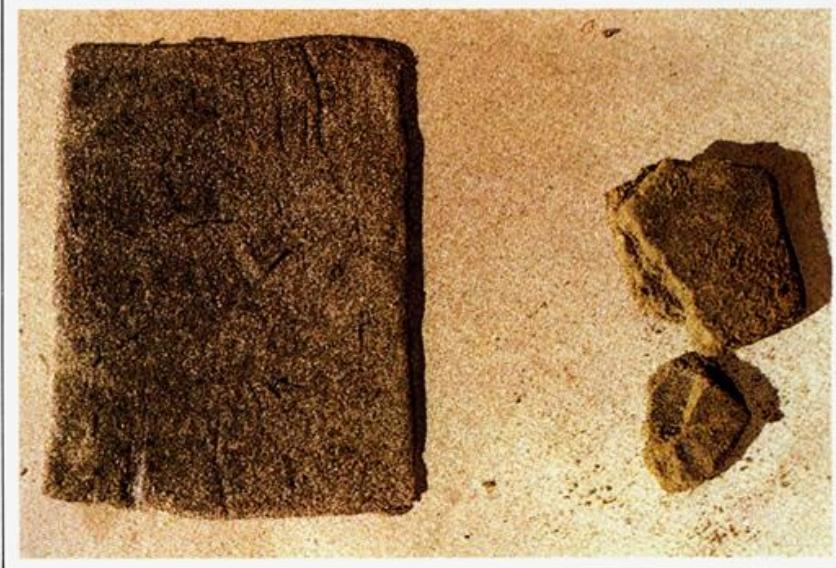
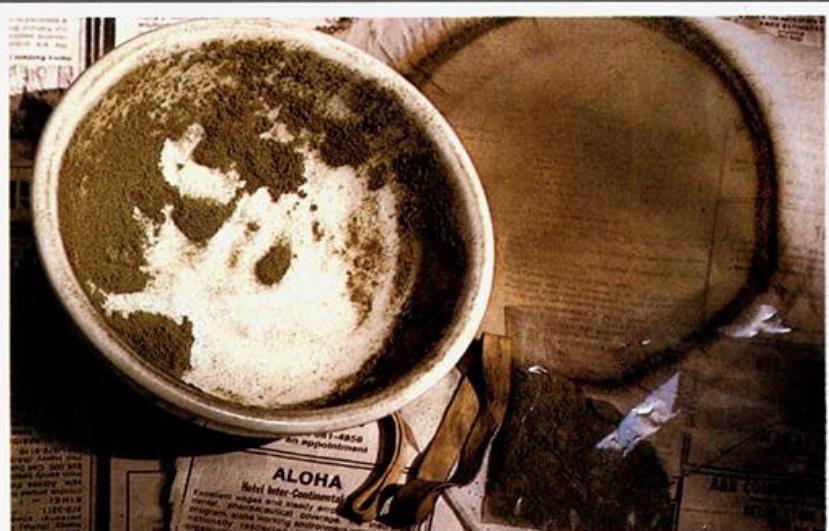
And even after you harvest the prime colas, it's just the *beginning*, man. Because some of these ladies are *really* beautiful, and you don't want to lose them after only one harvest. So we just prune off the main branches and colas and hang 'em to cure a couple weeks, like above left here. But we leave small branches on the plants, with just enough leaves to feed the root-power system; then we extend the light period with high-intensity halides, see, and the branches develop again, and we clip them off and



start *slips*. Slip growing is magic; each slip's a perfect clone of the original plant, same number and size of buds, same resin production, same ratio of THC in the resin. It's like you've got a standard uniform dose of sinse, see, that makes it easier to set the unit price by weight and—what? Too technical for you?

Hash making? You came here to learn the secret of sinsemilla hash making? What *secret*, for God's sake? You let the resin dry on the leaves 'til it's crumbly, and you shake it off into a bowl, and then you rub it with your fingers, *bare* fingers, like the upper right picture here. The body heat warms it just enough to get it all gluey and tacky, it rolls into a nice thick lumpish gook and you knead it out flat. Get blisters before you're done, too. But finally you got a stack of hash patties, and you squeeze 'em in a book press to slabs so they'll fit easier in a car trunk or briefcase for moving. That's it. Lower right. That's sinsemilla hashish. Same damn thing as any *other* hash, only twice the THC content.

Man, look at this operation: greenhouse, dehumidifiers, fertilizer, manicure gear. We're into all this, and you just want to know how to make *hash*? Oh man, you dope writers. The really *interesting* stuff goes right over your heads. □





William J. Pierce, Jr.

Can't stand mahself... Huh!



David Redfern/Retna

It's a cold sweat... Good God!

James Brown
People
Polydor PD-1-6258

The buzzing, smoke-filled second floor of New York's Lone Star Cafe was supercharged with the intensity of a roomful of dancing bodies. The tiny stage at the bottom of the stairway was filled with a dozen members of James Brown's band pumping out the warm-up numbers before Brown's appearance. As the M.C. led the crowd in a chant of "James Brown... James Brown," six bodyguards, one dressed in a clerical collar, formed a phalanx outside the dressing-room door. Right on cue, the door opened and out stepped The King, catching the groove, his body wound spring tight as he seemed to smell the crowd's excitement. Nearly 30 years of one-nighters haven't dulled Brown's energy—the tension in his frame as he waited for the calls to build to fever pitch showed a fighter's instinct for the game. Head bobbing that famous process to the beat, he bent over slightly to light a cigarette—Kool regular—took a single, lung-deep draw before crushing it out under his dancing pumps, then headed past the bar for the stairway to the stage with a huge grin as he saluted the flanks of fans chanting his name.

He pulled into "It's Too Funky in Here" and blasted out a set of old and new favorites that had the crowd sweating and grooving into the wee hours while Brown danced, working the microphone and doing

splits on the tiny stage as the audience swirled around him at arm's length. Brown predated, invented and invalidated disco all at once—his albums were side-long dance grooves with negligible chord changes long before it became fashionable—and when it's used as a medium for such a screaming talent of a voice, it makes a kind of sense that the metal-machine-music side of disco will never understand. For the moment, it's enough that "Cold Sweat," "Sex Machine," "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag" and "Georgia on My Mind" can all exist on the same plane.

Brown presented a taste or two from his latest side, *People*, in high style. The screams punctuating the nonstop jam of "Are We Really Dancing" are as ice cold and super hot as they were 15 years ago. In fact, *People* is a subtle consolidation and direction switch for the Godfather of Soul. The crunching, hypnotic dance rhythms sweat through "Let the Funk Flow," "Stone Cold Drag" and "Don't Stop the Funk," and Brown displays his classic ballad style on the set opener, "Regrets." "That's Sweet Music" is a great set piece that presents Brown tearing down the generic walls, scat singing a tribute to rock, jazz, disco, new wave!!!???, Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Johnny Cash ("in Black... on the country side... and don't forget... Charlie Pride..."). A beacon through the bullshit, a great man like Brown can put music in perspective at a time when many have lost sight of its message.

—John Swenson

Sounds

Van Halen
Women and Children First
Warner Bros. HS3415

Def Leppard
On Through the Night
Mercury SRM1-3828

Three years ago, when Grand Funk Railroad's Mark Farner was booed for performing his band's powerhouse hits during a solo tour, heavy metal appeared about as welcome to the mainstream rock audience as Iranian student militants at a B'nai B'rith brunch. Van Halen apparently never got the message. In 1978, the Pasadena-based band released a devastating debut album that sold several million copies on the strength of the classically inspired distortion rave-ups of Amsterdam-born lead guitarist Edward Van Halen and the supersexed rantings of Midwestern lead singer David Lee Roth.

Last year's *Van Halen II* didn't surpass its predecessor, but on *Women and Children First* they once again skillfully juggle the sledgehammer clichés of heavy metal's macho-infested myths and make the style sound fresh. Judging from the cover photo, a take-off of the famous statue of World War II marines claiming the beach at Iwo Jima, Van Halen set out to become nothing less than the king of the heavy metal heap, which it has accomplished. The album opens in a blaze of guitar bravado and brash vocal swashbuckling with "And the Cradle Will Rock...," letting up only

in "Could This Be Magic?" an acoustic stab at blues à la Leon Redbone. On "Everybody Wants Some!!" David Lee Roth defines Van Halen's simple hedonistic philosophy: "I like... I like the way the line runs up the back of those stockings."

Def Leppard, five teenagers from Sheffield, England, is among the first of a new surge of British heavy metal bands (others include Girl and Japan). While emulating Judas Priest and UFO on their debut *On Through the Night*, they've also managed to assimilate the urgency of the Clash and dispense with the usual extended solos of the heavy metal monoliths, replacing them with tightly structured songs. "Sorrow Is a Woman" is more melodic and emotionally moving than anything Van Halen has recorded to date and hints at a fast-maturing unit that may have a crack at turning Van Halen into battle-scarred veterans before too long.

—Stan Soocher

**Bob Seger
Against the Wind
Capitol S00-12041**

Don't ever use the word *dotage* around Bob Seger. *Prime* might be more like it. This man has been recording for over a decade and a half now—he cut his first single, "East Side Story," for Detroit's Hideout Records in 1964—yet he's produced probably the finest work of his career in the last two years. Ten years ago I spent my days in college and working in a shoe store and my nights drinking, doping, stomping and flapping with my buddies to Seger's *Mongrel* album, still a great piece of churning hard rock—I literally grew up on him.

He's had his share of low points, long stretches of relative obscurity and merely regional acceptance, and after a decade of fairly constant uphill struggle it finally broke for him in 1976, first with the double live album, then of course with *Night Moves*, followed in '78 by *Stranger in Town*, which was even better. A lot of people were waiting for him to take a dive with *Against the Wind*, these two years later. He hasn't.

There is a resiliency and, perhaps more importantly, a compassion about Seger's latter-day music that makes him the major artist he never quite was before; he holds wisdom but never comes on avuncular. He's a perennial now, an unbowed veteran of the wars, never tired, always assured. Still a Midwesterner to his



Van Halen contemplating primo panty hose.

bones, his music conjures up all those drab flat vistas of brown grass with leaves blowing slowly across them to nowhere, and reminds you how beautiful such a nowhere place can be.

Like Springsteen, with whom he's often compared these days, he understands and therefore mightily connects with Middle America, whether it's the kids gettin' juiced and joyridin' loose any old night of the week ("The Horizontal Bop" and "Betty Lou's Gettin' Out Tonight"), or a yearning for a place to go (and if you've ever lived in the Midwest, you know what I mean by that), a dream of escape into some mythic America that's part Springsteen-wishful and part Van Morrison-mystical ("Fire Lake," "Long Twin Silver Line," "Shinin' Brightly"). Then, of course, there are the love songs ("Good for Me" and "You'll Accompany Me"), which are enough to make you think there might be some hope left not only for love songs but for their subject itself.

Today, when almost no music anywhere has any soul at all (and is proud of it), this album becomes not just a beautiful piece of mainstream rock 'n' roll but maybe even essential. I've been feeling kind of emotionally dead lately myself, and when it's on it brings me back to life. A song like "You'll Accompany Me" might even convince you that you really shouldn't think twice about falling in love again.

—Lester Bangs

**The Greg Kihn Band
Glass House Rock
Berkeley BZ 10068**

**The Jags
Evening Standards
Island ILPS 9603**

We stand at the threshold of a "simplest" revival, its brief waves being felt from San Francisco to London. Groups pared down to four members dominated by singing rhythm guitarists who turn out short melodic rock statements like Ray Davies or John Lennon used to do in the heyday of midstream '60s Anglo invasion. There are no grandstand moves (like power pop), no convoluted Caribbean connections (like reggae rock) and no stilted stiff-riffs (like punk pop). This is brisk beat sound, more reminiscent of *Kink Kronicles* or *Revolver* than *My Generation* or *December's Children*.

Dominating this trend is a five-year-old class act from Berkeley, led by master American rock musicologist Greg Kihn. The ten tracks on Kihn's record contain enough subtle rock-historical cross-references to make a syllabus for a college course in contemporary communication. The Roy Orbison melodrama of "Castaway" is epitomized by Greg's echo-laden teary vocal. Coupled with guitarist Dave Carpenter's iridescent spirals through a rapturously harmonic chorus, Kihn's grief is the perfect foil for a hook mischievously lifted from "She Loves You." Or is it "Oh, Pretty



Jags pound out that brisk beat sound.

Woman"??? "Desire Me" is even better. With all the edgy passion of Neil Young at his most gracelessly repressive, this bone-raw basement tape bemoans teenage lust with a graphicness I haven't experienced since Colin Blunstone whispered his ironic way through the Zombies' "She's Not There." Drummer Larry Lunch kicks out a passionate beat behind Kihn's first potential top-ten contender.

England's the Jags are playing a similar game, drawing strongly on the melodiously tight pop vein first mined by the Hollies and Searchers. "Back of My Hand" zips along with the joyous lyricism of a "Bus Stop," while "Desert Island Discs" ohhs and ahhs with all the upbeat bomp of a "Needles and Pins." Sixties sentiments are raucously recalled on "Woman's World." Down at Dino's bar, our protagonist lead singer/guitarist Nick Watkinson parallels his history of romantic failure with that of Enrico, the Puerto Rican. Adding insult to injury, the chorus sings: "Yeah it's a woman's world we live in/And a woman don't think straight"; Mick himself could not have put it tougher. This anachronistic strain of adolescent satire is not at all lost on tunes like "She's So Considerate." It's a marvel these guys grew up in the '70s.

—Lotta D. Blooze

Patti Labelle
Released
Epic JE36381

This is less a review than a declaration of love to Patti Labelle. If you are

familiar with her, perhaps you understand. If not, let me explain. Patti is my favorite female singer, and has been since the '60s—to be precise, ever since she and the Bluebelles sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" at an afternoon show at the Apollo in 1966, and I cried. I didn't even think I liked the damn song! She's done other songs I couldn't stand (I thought), like "Danny Boy" and (God help me) "You'll Never Walk Alone," and made me realize I had a problem with snob-induced earwax. But she hasn't done any pre-rock oldies like that for years. That's the only complaint I have about her. If she would do just one pop oldie per album. I'd crawl through kilometers of malarial pigsties to hear her sing "Long Ago and Far Away."

There are a couple of rockers I believe to be great human beings despite their stardom: Bruce Springsteen, Peter Townshend and Patti Labelle. It would be hard to imagine a less arrogant person onstage. With that much power you don't need arrogance. I have heard from many people over a period of years that she has a happy home life, as well as three sons—two of whom were adopted when their mother died. She gets many presents when she's onstage and has a remarkably gracious way of accepting them.

Her band is about as creamy as the crop gets: state of the art and soul. They are magnificent. At a recent concert she did a duet with her saxophone player that went to places I couldn't imagine and ended with notes difficult to believe. Some

people say the human voice is the greatest musical instrument. In that break, Patti proved it. Onstage she's the world's giddiest child with complete grown-up control. But it all comes down to her voice. She chooses to sing the most beautiful notes imaginable, and sometimes unimaginably beautiful notes. I always prefer her grace notes on a melody to any others I've heard or can imagine.

Patti's latest record, *Released*, is a perfect place to start. But do not pass up an opportunity to see her live.

—Peter Stampfel

Ze Records Update **ZEA 33002, 3, 4, 6, 7, 10**

Move over Stiff, here comes Ze. While Stiff Records was once the wildest independent label, with the new-wave sounds of Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, Nick Lowe, et cetera, now new wave is almost MOR. But Ze Records, in a small cluttered office in New York's Carnegie Hall Building, is the craziest new alternative record company, stretching rock to the outer limits of punk funk, avant-garde jazz and mad mulatto mambo.

Not content to just beat up kids in the front row of his live gigs, saxophonist James Chance can now aurally mug his listeners in the comfort of their own living rooms if they buy and take home *Buy the Contortions* (ZEA 33002) and *James White and the Blacks: Off White* (ZEA 33003). Both these albums of free-form punk funk sizzle with sax and violence.

Chance started his career as saxman for Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, whose screaming lead singer was Lydia Lunch. Hot Lunch has cooled her act, started her own band, Eight-Eyed Spy, and recorded her own album, *Queen of Siam* (ZEA 33006), in which she softly articulates her hostile sexuality with voice and guitar while super saxman Pat Irwin backs her up with a moody '40s jazz arrangement.

TV has more than subtly influenced Ze artists' sensibilities. "A Cruise to the Moon" on Lunch's *Queen of Siam* was arranged by Billy Ver Planck, who also created the theme to "The Flintstones"; Lizzy Mercier Descloux has adapted Lalo Schifrin's theme music from "Mission Impossible" on her Ze album, *Press Color* (ZEA 33004). Lizzy is a little French dynamo who sensually scat-sings over danceable avant-garde jazz rhythms.

Ze has another French songstress, Cristina, a former high-fashion model with a sultry purr. On *Cristina* (ZEA 33007) she's backed by the mad mambo music of Kid Creole and the Coconuts, who also have their own album, *Off the Coast of Me* (ZEA 33010). Kid Creole is really August Darnell, who produced both albums. Darnell is a madman mulatto who four years ago created Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band (remember "Cherchez La Femme"?).

—Harry Wasserman

Notes

Keepin' the Summer Alive, The Beach Boys (Caribou FZ 36283). There are those who simply like the Beach Boys for the fun fun fun of it, and those who are compelled by the angst angst angst that permeates the legend of guiding spirit Brian Wilson. *Keepin' the Summer Alive* should keep both factions happy (or blissfully sad, as the case may be).

The music is as fresh and lilting as the best of their recorded work. Brian's on another upswing (Elavil?) for now: Five of the six cuts he coauthored are lush and melodic, finger-snapping yet heart-breaking odes to lost love and the memory of summers past. Brother Carl Wilson turns in two great tunes written with Randy Bachman (ex BTO); an embarrassing cover of Chuck Berry's "School Days" (not counting the gorgeous a cappella intro) and another lame entry in the Alan Jardine back-to-the-land series round out the LP. (Allen J. Sheinman)

American Son, Levon Helm (MCA 5120). The record sounds so much like a Band album, in fact like *The Band*, it's uncanny—the same blend of country and r&b, the same richness to Helm's singing, the same sense of the songs being rooted to specific places. "Watermelon Time in Georgia" starts off with Helm in Detroit wishing he were in Macon, and before the album ends he's referenced New Orleans, Chicago, Nashville and finally back to Georgia for "Sweet Peach Georgia Wine." The songs are carefully selected from a range of writers to evoke this richly American feeling, but the brilliance of this set is in the selection of musicians, led by producer/guitarist Fred Carter Jr., who plays with the sting and architectural stolidity of Robertson without aping him, and featuring the absolute cream of Nashville's rock-steady pickers including Hargus "Pig" Robbins on piano and Buddy Emmons on steel. One song in particular stands out here—Ronnie

Rogers's "America's Farm" has the moral courage and on-the-spot mythmaking of Robertson's writing for the Band. As the music chugs along with Carter picking barbed-wire notes over a jaw's harp twang, Levon's shaking his head over the death of the American pioneer spirit, then gives the call to arms, and when Levon hollers "we've got the ground, we've got the seed," you feel like cleaning your stash and planting the seeds out on the fire escape. (John Swenson)

The Up Escalator, Graham Parker (Arista AL 9517). When Parker didn't immediately become the next Elvis Presley upon hitting U.S. shores he proceeded to blame his record company (then Mercury). Such punk-drunk anticorporate rage was especially fashionable at the time, but Parker forgot to meet his end of the bargain and make good albums. His last, *Squeezing Out Sparks*, made the grade, but on *The Up Escalator* Parker seems to be going in the wrong direction. At this point Graham has nobody left but the cruel winds of fortune to blame because once again he's made an earnest but dead sounding album that leaves anyone who's witnessed the live energy he can generate wondering where the hell all that action went when he hit the studio. Several songs (particularly "Endless Night" and "Maneuvers") are very good, but you begin to wonder if Springsteen is doing Parker a favor by singing backing vocals on "Endless Night" because Parker is so pigeonholed as a Bruce clone he can't get loose on vinyl. Even Jimmy Iovine of the Spector/Springsteen production density seems snakebit by the curse—the sound here is muddy and anticrisp, rotten compared to the tremendous job Iovine recently forged with the Motors. (J.S.)

Duke, Genesis (Atlantic SD 16014). Wull... kick out the kosmos and break out the spam; this one rocks. A perfect meld of body and spirit, it is Genesis' *Who's next* (if you will). Do up a blast of pure oxygen and fasten your seat belts for "Behind the Lines." An instant classic, "Man of Our Times" has the knockout muscle and ringing harmonies of nothing since *The Yes Album*; *Revolver* and *Pet Sounds* shot the gun. It's genial Genesis and better late than never. (Bruised Mailman)

On to Victory, Humble Pie (Atco 38-122). Not bad boogie bombast from this two-bit has-been of a metal mastodon, *but why?!* It's just sorta like chewing cud. (B.M.)

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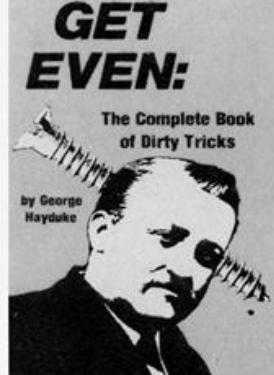
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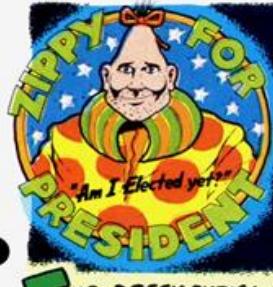
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ZZZZZZ..

IT'S TIME WE TACKLED THE ISSUES.. ZIPPY WILL HAVE TO COME OUT ON DEFENSE SPENDING, THE E.R.A., ISRAEL, TAXES...

OKAY.. WE BLITZ THE VOTERS WITH ONE MINUTE T.V. SPOTS.. WHEN WE'RE THRU, THEY'LL THINK ZIPPY'S A DIVINE ORACLE!

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ZIPPY!! I WANT YOU TO BE MY LITTLE BOY!!!

..I'M IN MINNEAPOLIS.. I'M DEODORIZED.. MARTHA RAYE IS GIVING ME A MASSAGE.. I'M COVERED WITH VASELINE & WHEAT THINS..

ZIPPY!

THIS IS FRED ASTAIRE, ZIPPY. YOU'RE A TRULY BEAUTIFUL HUMAN BEING, ZIPPY..

JERRY LEWIS, HERE, PAL.. YOU'RE CUTER THAN ME, ZIPPY!!.. AND EVEN MORE REVERED IN FRANCE !!

..I'M SIGNING BILLS.. PARDONING CRIMINALS.. I'M POLISHING DOORKNOBS.. I'M SENDING SENATORS OUT FOR PIZZA...

HI, ZIP.. RECOGNIZE OL' LIBERACE?! I ADORE YOUR OUTFIT, ZIPPY.. IT'S SO FABULOUS..

H'LO, PARDNER!! I'M YOUR OLD PAL, LYNDON JOHNSON.. I LOVE YOU, ZIPPY.. I LOVE YOU!!

GOOD EVENIN', ZIPPY.. THIS IS PRESIDENT JIMMY... I MADE A BIG MESS, ZIPPY.. AND NOW I WANT TO BE A MOTEL MANAGER IN TEANECK, NEW JERSEY.. I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID.. ZIPPY.. RONALD FEELS TH'SAME..

..THAT'S RIGHT.. BESIDES, I'VE JUST NEGOTIATED A 5-YEAR CONTRACT WITH A MAJOR STUDIO TO DO '3'LASH LA RUE' WESTERNS A YEAR PLUS ONE MORE "BONZO" PICTURE.. I'M MUCH HAPPIER, NOW.. WE'RE BOTH WITHDRAWING FROM THE RACE.. THE JOB IS YOURS--

THE RESULTS ARE IN!! I'M ELECTED!! I AM PRESIDENT ZIPPY!!

TACO SAUCE

NEXT DAY AT THE T.V. STUDIO

SO YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR POSITION ON C.I.A. SNOOPING?.. AND YOUR DETERMINATION TO HOLD THE LINE ON UNFAIR TAXATION...

..I'M HAVING A TAX-DEDUCTIBLE EXPERIENCE! I NEED AN ENERGY CRUNCH!!

..GET THAT SHINE OFF HIS POINT..

YOU'RE ON!! HEY, DON'T FORGET YOUR NOTES!!

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES DOES NOT NEED NOTES.. SEND THEM TO AFGHANISTAN---

THIS IS PRESIDENT ZIPPY.. MY PLATFORM IS THE SAME AS RONALD REAGAN'S EXCEPT THAT IT INCLUDES MANDATORY NOSE JOBS FOR MILLIONAIRES!

I AM NOT PLAYING CHECKERS..

CLICK!

I AM AGAINST NUCLEAR FISHING, BUT I'D LIKE TO PUT JANE FONDA & JACK LEMMON IN A '63 MUSTANG AND DRIVE THEM UP AND DOWN HOLLYWOOD BLVD. DRESSED AS CHIP'N DALE!!

VROOOOM!

THE IRANIANS CANNOT PRONOUNCE CHAPPAGUIDICK.. MAKE TH'SHAH WATCH FTROOP RE-RUNS FOR 2 MONTHS AND SEND HIM BACK IN A BATTERED VOLKS-

WAGEN..

CLICK!

..I WISH I WAS STANDING ON A CINCINNATI STREET CORNER HOLDING A CLEAN DOG!

..AM I RE-ELECTED YET?!

..IS HE THE PRESIDENT? I THOUGHT.. OH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT T'THINK.. I GUESS SO, FRED.. I GUESS SO..

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The Alchemy of Love

continued from page 64

incorporates elements from Celtic myth and ancient fertility cults. Manley P. Hall writes: "There is . . . evidence to support the claim that the story of the Grail is an elaboration of an early pagan Nature myth which has been preserved by reason of the subtle manner in which it was engrafted upon the cult of Christianity. From this particular viewpoint, the Holy Grail is undoubtedly a type of ark or vessel in which the life of the world is preserved and therefore is significant of the body of the Great Mother—Nature. Its green color relates it to Venus and to the mystery of generation." The spear is the potent, erect phallus; the cup is the receiver of life. They are a matched set, a perfect fit. The ideal phallus; the ideal vagina.

Among other things, the Grail Quest is perhaps a symbol of the split soul's journey through the world in search of its lost half. The Grail Quest and the idealized, questing love of knightly legend created a profound sublimating influence on Western culture. The knight quested a soul mate for love, but the test of his love was not in loving but in service of his lover—and the principal knightly quest, the Grail, was approachable only by the purest of the pure.

The Third Reich appropriated the Grail myth, as received through Wagner's *Parsifal*, for its own purposes. The Nazi philosophy found in the Grail Quest a quest for pure blood—a sacred genetic process. Hitler possessed a spear reported to be the spear of Longinus. Believing that if he possessed both the spear and the cup there would be no stopping him, Hitler dispatched a secret branch of the S.S. to the Pyrenees to seek out the Holy Grail.

Nazi sexuality was a synthesis of the Grail Quest, Aryan racism and Darwinism. Courtly love was identified with the ideal genetic mating. At times when the soul mate trend is on the upswing in society, as in Germany 1850–1945, sexual role playing tends to get more extreme, perhaps to make it a little easier for soul mates to locate one another. The soul mate doctrine tends to promote severe, subli-macho behavior in men and an equally mannered (earth mother, virgin, whore, femme fatale) style in women. Nazi love was Plato's soul mates going berserk once again. So Zeus threatened to split them all once again. Maybe that's where "unisex" comes in.

Love You to Death and Back

Frankie and Johnny were lovers. So were a lot of other victims. Love made them do

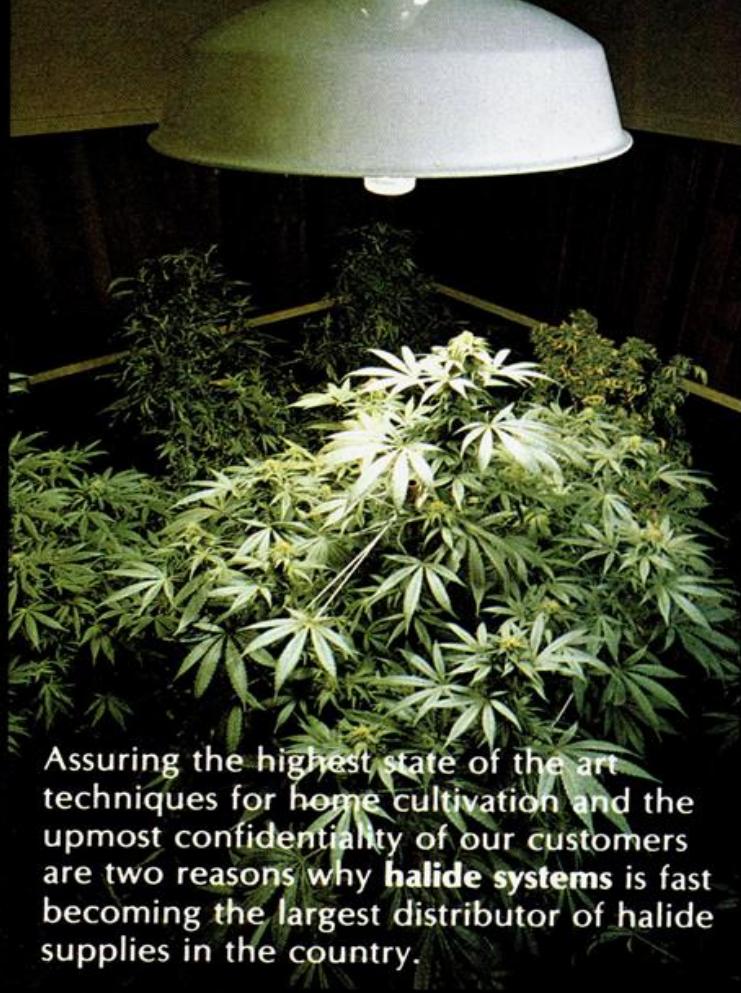
it. But maybe they died happy, still loaded on phenylethylamines. The doctrine of the "soul mate" can be very troublesome. If your soul mate is not readily observable you've got to quest, and that can be rough, especially with a billion girls and a billion boys in the world. Meanwhile, one is charging up all of this orgone energy that is not being discharged through good orgasms. This is going to make it a lot rougher to get it on with the soul mate when found, so today's knight had better have an orgone box around and a Rolfer too, if he's going to hold out for his intended. (This is equally true of maidens on the quest.)

There is a much better and far safer metaphor for the millennium, another theory on the genesis of love, besides the Platonic big split. As Manley P. Hall explains:

According to the other school, the so-called division of the sexes resulted from suppression of one pole of the androgynous being in order that the vital energies manifesting through it might be diverted to development of the rational faculties. From this point of view man is still actually androgynous and spiritually complete, but in the material world the feminine part of man's nature and the masculine part of woman's nature are quiescent. Through spiritual unfoldment and knowledge... the latent element in each nature is gradually brought into activity and the human being thus regains sexual equilibrium.... From this point of view, marriage is regarded as a companionship in which two complete individualities manifesting opposite polarities are brought into association that each may thereby awaken the qualities latent in the other and thus assist in the attainment of individual completeness. The first theory ("soul mates") may be said to regard marriage as an end; the second as means to an end."

Psychoanalysis calls the feminine mind of man *anima* and the masculine mind of woman *animus*. Unlike the soul mate—split from one long ago, one of a kind—this model posits a love based on a "soul match." The lover should be a person of the opposite sex who manifests what is latent in the other. The lover becomes a mirror in the image of which one perfects one's self. This love is not "opposites attract" but "likes attract." The lover possesses the qualities one likes in oneself. The role of the romantic is too dangerous. Knights of the Holy Grail, Nazi dating services, the Sharks and the Jets—it's too much trouble. As Reich observed, the macho stance is much too armoring. To get down with love you've got to be loose. Maybe if you don't look too hard for love, it will find you. Besides which, if this should happen to be The End and the good Kabbalistic doctors were right, you'll have no trouble at all finding the perfect one for you. □

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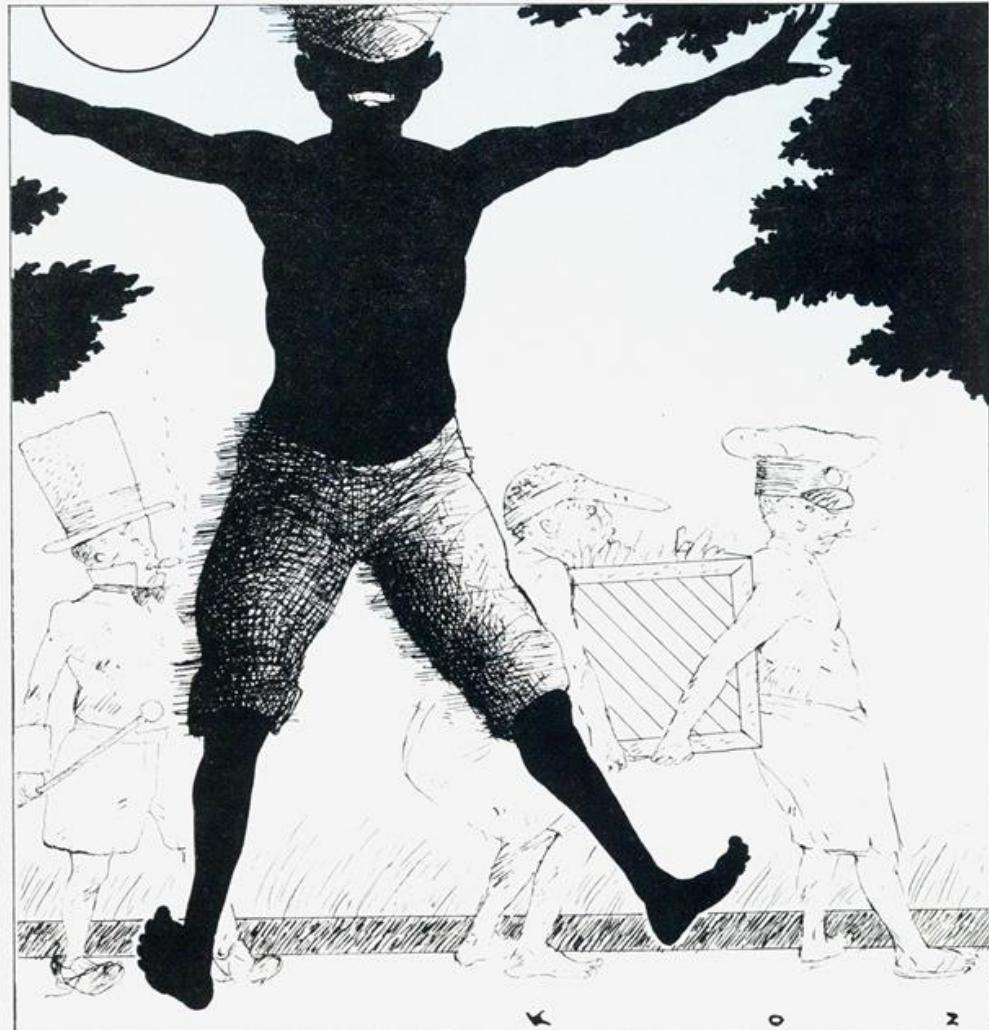
Uganda's Baby Potsmokers Usurp National Economy

KAMPALA—Mwange Kalyango's mother brought him here from Zaire last year when he was 12. They were fleeing the random slaughter of civilians by the troops of dictator Mobutu Sese Seko in Shaba Province, seeking safety in Uganda. But they arrived just as Idi Amin's army was being chased out of Kampala by Tanzanian troops and Ugandan guerrillas, and found that conditions here weren't much better. Life in Kampala is still pure anarchy from sundown to dawn and unsafe in the countryside 24 hours a day.

Mwange's mother is a prostitute whose hooking brings her little more than food and a place to sleep. Because her customers don't often provide Mwange with either, he's become an adroit *bayaye*—a uniquely Ugandan kind of street urchin. Seven years of extravagant misrule by Amin, and another year of snail's-pace "reorganization" by his successors, has filled Kampala with thousands of kids like Mwange: orphans, or the nearest thing to it. And some people believe the *bayaye* community may really be the only halfway stable element in this city's society.

Under Amin, who ran Uganda's once prosperous economy into the ground soon after his 1971 takeover, any adult who possessed something of value was virtually certain to have it "appropriated" by government troops. Running a small business was effectively impossible, unemployment and inflation were stratospheric and vital commodities nearly unheard of. Thus, children became the natural black-market entrepreneurs, obtaining and fencing everything from milk and salt to luxury goods. As Amin and his soldiers progressively ripped off and wrecked every facet of Uganda's economy, the kids created their own underground: They even smuggled tons of superior Ugandan coffee into Kenya and Rwanda during the 1977-79 coffee boom.

Of course, Amin had no qualms about oppressing children along with everyone else. The field marshal himself sporadically led police raids on *bacyaye* camps, herding up "juvenile delinquents" and trucking them off to sugar plantations for forced labor. The kids always squirmed loose before long, though, and sneaked back to their bizarre *magendo* (black market) lifestyle.



Gradually they evolved their own language, *luyaye*, an argot of English, Kiswahili and technical terms—like *pie*, for "cop"—understandable only to each other. *Bayaye* itself, for instance, is a corruption of *njaye*, a popular term for marijuana, which the kids smoke with abandon.

Because the Lule and Binaisa governments have seemingly been unable to move out of bureaucratic infighting to implement any real social programs, the kid-run *ma-*

gendo is both unavoidable and necessary. Uganda is a uniquely fruitful country—food crops of all sorts grow abundantly with minimal tending, and cattle thrive everywhere the tsetse doesn't—but with the grown-ups squabbling over who gets which trade concessions, kids are still the only middle-level commodity movers between the countryside and Kampala. By common consent, the *bayaye* actually set the prices for essential

continued on page 87

NORTH AMERICA

Saccharin Sails Sweetly Through New Cancer Tests

NEW YORK CITY—Diet soda drinkers will be pleased to learn that hospital research into saccharin has failed to turn up any indication that the artificial sweetener leads to cancer in human beings. Consumers of diet Coke, Pepsi, 7-Up and so on were jolted in the mid '70s by the news that lab rats, subjected to gigantic doses of pure saccharin, tend to develop bladder cancer. Under the Food and Drug Administration's "drop of a rat" policy—by which any animal that develops cancer after exposure to a substance is held forth as a reason to ban the sub-

stance, no matter how dreadfully the animal may have been otherwise abused in the course of the lab test—the possibility arose that diet soda drinks might be legislated out of existence. Thousands—perhaps scores of thousands—of Americans are physically addicted to caffeine in many of these diet beverages and naturally dread any such ban with intense anxiety.

Saccharin came off blameless, however, in a hospital study here that compared the lifetime diet beverage intake of 367 bladder cancer patients with 367 people hospital-

ized for other causes. All subjects were matched as to age, sex and hospital room status, and were asked to estimate their personal intake of diet soda over their lives. The computer-correlated results showed no statistically significant difference between the two groups' histories of soda-saccharin consumption. Beyond the persuasive indication that saccharin does not lead to bladder cancer, the study also failed to turn up any statistical link between diet-soda drinking and forms of cancer associated with tobacco smoking.

Simultaneously, a similar study was run on groups of patients in Massachusetts by the Harvard School of Public Health. Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Dr. Alan Morrison of Harvard reported that while male patients who drank more than three cans of diet soda per day appeared to be statistically prone to develop urinary-tract cancer, women who drank similar amounts appeared to be statistically less prone to develop it. The Harvard team concluded, "As a group, users of artificial sweeteners have little or no excess risk of cancer of the lower urinary tract."

Still, the National Cancer Institute remains cautious about saccharin, a drug with effects and side effects that have never been exhaustively studied. "When all the evidence of toxicity is weighed against the objective evidence of benefit," counsels Dr. Robert Hoover at the NCI, "any use by non-diabetic children or pregnant women, heavy use by young women of childbearing age and excessive use by anyone are ill advised and should be actively discouraged by the medical community."

For the purposes of the New York study, undertaken by the American Health Association, moderate consumption of saccharin was rated at 40 to 80 milligrams per day for ten years. (An eight-ounce can of diet soda contains from 64 to 68 milligrams of saccharin.) It should be emphasized, though, that no relation was found between any saccharin consumption levels and cancer.



Flight insurance: Devout Catholics are still upset about the bouncing of St. Christopher—patron saint of travelers—from the Holy College of Saints. Peripatetic priest Patrick Moore appears to have found a bulky but effective alternative in Our Lady of Fatima. He's taken her around the world 20 times.

Leeches and Nightcrawlers Have Their Body-Smack, Too!

COLD SPRING HARBOR, NEW YORK—Leeches, like human beings, appear not only to be sensible to pain, but to produce their own natural morphinelike hormones to counteract it. A considerable stir was engendered last year when researchers discovered that the lowly earthworm contains nerve binding sites for endorphins, the morphinelike hormones in humans and other animals that are overproduced in states of physical trauma to abolish pain. The discovery of endorphin mechanics in earthworms conclusively demolished the age-old fishermen's myth that the animals simply don't feel pain when impaled alive for bait on fishhooks. They undoubtedly do feel pain, if nature has endowed them with endorphins, and this

revelation has already induced some to switch to fly-fishing and dead chub bait.

Now youngsters who enjoy dropping salt onto leeches to watch them slowly and messily dissolve may have something to think about, too. Researcher Birgit Zipser of Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory has located one unmistakable receptor site for leu-enkephalin in each ganglion (bundle of nerve cells) in the posterior mid-body of leeches. Enkephalins, in humans, are produced to kill pain in the same way as endorphins, only their action is much more short-lived; while beta-endorphin produces analgesia up to six hours, leu-enkephalin only lasts for 20 minutes.

Beyond the ethical considerations grow-

ing out of proof that lowly animals like these obviously feel pain when it's inflicted (even mussels, it turns out, have enkephalin sites), Zipser's finding also has profound evolutionary significance. In humans, leu-enkephalin is only part of a long peptide hormone chain that also includes endorphin. Obviously, during the relatively small evolutionary jump between leeches and earthworms, not only did enkephalin develop into larger endorphin, but enkephalin binding sites simultaneously evolved into larger endorphin binding sites. The congruent evolution of hormones along with their anatomical binding sites is a new mystery that opens mind-boggling possibilities for exploration.

Hyperactive Kids Go Nuts on Food Dyes

TORONTO—Children with chronic learning and behavioral disorders may have these conditions seriously aggravated by commercial dyes in food and candy. Researchers from the University of Toronto and the Hospital for Sick Children here, comparing 20 children diagnosed as technically "hyperactive" with 20 children not so diagnosed, in a double-blind crossover test of their responses to food dyes and a sugar placebo, determined that the hyperactive subjects' performance on learning tests was "significantly impaired" after taking high doses of food dye.

In a previous lab study, Hospital for Sick Children workers had determined that erythrosin B, FD&C red dye No. 3, appears to alter nerve transmission in isolated brain cells (see "Health," HIGH TIMES, May '80). Food dyes are so common, especially in children's diets, that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has estimated that many children may consume daily over 150 milligrams of them in cereal, candy and so on. As early as 1975, Dr. B.F. Feingold implicated food dyes in childhood hyperactivity in his book, *Why Your Child Is Hyperactive* (New York: Random House). This latest Toronto study suggests that though food dyes may not have a role in causing hyperactivity, they may intensify the symptoms in children already so afflicted.

All 40 children had been admitted to the hospital exhibiting such symptoms as overactivity, impulsivity, aggressiveness, short attention span and distractibility. Twenty of them had responded positively to treatment with amphetamines and had been rated technically hyperkinetic on a special diagnostic test scale. The other 20 had not responded positively to amphetamines and failed to qualify as hyperkinetic on the test scale. All were kept for three days on a diet, devised by Dr. Feingold, free of food dyes or other chemical additives, before the testing

commenced.

For the next two mornings, each child was given a capsule containing either 100 to 150 milligrams of food dyes or placebo sugar; each child received both placebo and dye in the course of the experiment. Throughout the day, the children regularly performed a standard paired-associate test, memorizing numbered pictures of animals and afterward writing down the numbers as the animals were named by a tester. The number of errors they made, on a scale with 100 for perfect retention, was taken as a gauge of their learning ability.

At the end of the study, when the results were computer-correlated, it was found that the nonhyperactive children performed consistently on the learning test throughout the experiment. The hyperactive children, however, began misidentifying the animals within a half hour after taking the food dye capsules, and continued to show diminished learning capabilities for over 3½ hours. Because neither group showed learning impairment after taking the sugar placebo and neither group was taking any other medication during the study, the researchers concluded that something in the food dyes increased the hyperactive children's distractibility and shortened their attention spans for 3½ hours after ingestion.

Summarizing the results in the March 28, 1980, issue of *Science* magazine, Dr. James Swanson of the Hospital for Sick Children and Dr. Marcel Kinsbourne of the University of Toronto speculated that the specific nerve-transmission abnormalities that give rise to hyperkinetic behavior syndromes may render children so afflicted more sensitive to the subtle psychoactivity of substances like erythrosin B. The hyperkinetic children in the study, they say, may have harbored "a pre-existing neurochemical disturbance that was further aggravated by food dye."

"A Modest Proposal": Mothers get their babies used to the water at the Infant and Toddler Gym & Swim Program at the Haverhill Citizens Center in Haverhill, Massachusetts. The program is sponsored by Think Fitness, Inc.



Stop Nuclear Power Learn the Safe Energy Story

MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) produced a 56-page full color Program Book for the five No Nuke nights in Madison Square Garden last fall. A unique document of the concerts, which were recorded for Asylum and are the subject of the film from Warner Bros., the Program Book combines informative articles about nuclear power with strong pro-solar interviews from some of America's leading musicians, including Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, Graham Nash, the Doobie Brothers, Tom Petty, Chaka Khan, Peter Tosh, Jesse Colin Young, Gil Scott-Heron and a host of others.

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Strange Rock Formation Baffles Archaeologists

by Segundo Sombra

TALCA, CHILE—Less than 70 kilometers from this south Chilean city and more than 12,000 feet high in the Andes, there is a strange rock formation that could be one of the last mysteries about ancient humanity to be discovered in South America. Known as the Enladrillado ("brick pavement"), the site is close to the mountain resort of Vilches on the Argentine border. It can be visited only during the summer when the snows from the high Andes melt and the intricate mountain passes can be negotiated by mule or foot. The site has been associated in the Chilean press with a "UFO landing pad" supposedly built by ancient astronauts, especially after unexplained lights were reported flying around it by a few local inhabitants.

The Enladrillado was officially discovered in 1968 when a team from the University of Concepción conducted a geological survey of the area. Although baffled by the stone formation's symmetrical features, they speculated that it was a rare natural formation forged through the action of volcanic lava. In 1975, a group of researchers from the Chilean Historical Society, guided by local mountaineers, conducted a second expedition in the area. The platform's huge dimensions and symmetrical form caught their attention from a nearby mountain. They reported that it was completely flat and surprisingly different from the abrupt and rugged hills surrounding it. Its color was also darker than the area's common surface, and the explorers observed peculiar demarcations on its two edges as well as other curious geometrical shapes.

The investigators also collected accounts from local mountaineers and peasants who had visited the Enladrillado. One of them described finding small metallic objects of great hardness. Others described large blots of an intense black that looked like burn marks in the rocks. Luminous flashes and strange lights had also apparently been observed near the platform by some of the locals.

A third expedition took place last year. Rather than clarifying the mystery surrounding the Enladrillado, the discoveries added new weight to the theory of extraterrestrial visitation. Members from the Valparaiso-based Centro de Estudios Fronterizos (Center for Border Research) journeyed to the Enladrillado, reporting that the platform was composed of 233 stone blocks perfectly cut in a form similar to the tip of an arrow. Its perimeter is 50 by 1,000 meters and each of the stone blocks weighs from 300 kilos up to 25 or 30 tons.

But what baffled the researchers most were the magnetic disturbances discovered at one edge of the formation. A pair of big stones emerge from the flat surface there, and if a magnetic compass is placed on top of them the needle will automatically point to the opposite pole. "In order to magnetize a stone it is necessary to use a powerful condenser," notes Gerardo Ojeda, the expedition's head. "Yet it is impossible to think that this was done over a thousand years ago. If we

accept the theory that primitive tribes lived here, it is then hard to believe they could have had such an advanced technology."

The mysterious features of the Enladrillado have also been tentatively explained as another Incan temple to the sun; some high abode in the mountains where ceremonies and possibly human sacrifices of virgins were offered to the sun god. This theory, however, has several flaws; it doesn't explain, for instance, how the Incas or any other people could have cut and transported stone blocks weighing up to 30 tons and also magnetized some of them. But more

than that, the Enladrillado lies outside the area of Incan influence, which at the height of their empire extended only to the valleys in central Chile.

The platform is at times also linked with rumors of a "lost city" at the other side of the Andes in Argentina. Until it is satisfactorily explained as a natural formation or a monument from a known civilization, we cannot discount what one of the explorers from the research center called "the spectacular possibility that it is a landing pad built by extraterrestrial beings who later abandoned it."



Macho man: A reporter for Bogota's *El Tiempo* drops trou to get a scoop during last spring's hostage siege at the Dominican embassy. Would Harrison Salisbury go as far for New York City's *Times*?

Venezuelans Crack Down on Illegal Immigrants

CÚCUTA, COLOMBIA—This little city on the Venezuelan border is collecting a highly cosmopolitan population of semipermanent visitors from all over Latin America, as the Venezuelan government intensifies its massive deportations of illegal aliens. Almost weekly, busloads of impoverished Colombians, Ecuadorans, Argentines, Uruguayans and Chileans are dumped on Cúcuta, to become charges of the Repatriated Citizens' Welcome Center here. "They arrive frightened, ill, dirty and without clothing and shoes," says Father Alex Dalpiaz, who runs the center with the aid of some local nuns.

Venezuela's notorious oil wealth has made it a significant world power, and attracted to it hordes of hopeful job seekers from all over the continent. However, like most newly rich oil producers, the Venezuelan government is controlled by a few entrenched oil interests, and virtually none of the new wealth has yet been deployed into social-uplift projects. Indeed, charges the Caracas magazine *Resumen*, government inefficiency and corruption now is worse than ever before. Public transportation is a shambles, water and electricity facilities are utterly unreliable, street crime is rampant and police protection is minimal. In fact, says *Resumen*, the deterioration of so-

cial conditions, in the face of uncounted oil billions going to a favored few, "has driven an exasperated population to the point of rebellion."

Many view the massive crackdown on illegal aliens as simply a ploy by the ruling Social Christian Party to divert public resentment onto a conveniently helpless scapegoat—illegal immigrants. Television and the popular news media manage to attribute every conceivable inconvenience—even water cutoffs—to the aliens, and police roundups are conducted publicly and frequently, and with extreme violence. Deportees arriving in Cúcuta—expelled from Venezuela after spending up to two months in detention, totally incommunicado—tell of being beaten and robbed by Venezuelan police.

"They normally stay with us a couple of days," says Father Dalpiaz, "but some stay five or six, because without the identification papers taken from them by the police, they can't get out of the city." Some charge that the cops actually scoop up foreigners off the street at random, appropriating their proper residence, work and naturalization documents and arbitrarily busing them to Cúcuta. *Resumen* reports that a great many of them creep back into Venezuela, because their families still live there.

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Earthwork Meets Earth Mother

KINGS NYMPTON, ENGLAND—"We'll do her in daffodils" says Ian Cobbald, if authorities refuse permission to have Marilyn Monroe's image carved onto a Dorset chalk hill across from the ancient Cerne Giant petroglyph. Cobbald, who raises sheep on the hillside in question, has given permission to a 33-year-old local artist, Ken Evans-Lounde, to embellish his hill with the Monroe figure, to relieve the giant of two millennia of obvious anticipation.

The origin of the Cerne Giant himself, brandishing a hefty shillelagh and an equally hefty erection, is about as uncertain as the contradictory attitudes he expresses. He appears to represent an aboriginal Druidic Celtic deity—perhaps Lod—carved there in the first century A.D. by local warriors resisting the Roman invasion under the emperor Claudius. Because the Druids were shortly afterward entirely eliminated by Gen. Septimius Severus, the giant simply never had time to acquire a suitable body of folklore and has mutely hung on the Cerne Abbas hillside ever since. Decency committees periodically seek his emasculation, and an occasional neospiritualist crank cites him as an "obvious welcome mat" for UFO visitors, but the locals regard him as a fine old bloke and keep his outline continuously brisk and dramatic.

Now Evans-Lounde wants to provide the giant with a companionable female deity, to wit: Marilyn Monroe, with her skirts all a'flur in the classic episode from *The Seven Year Itch*. "To me she is the archetypal figure of the 20th century, an international fertility symbol representing the basic needs of our times," he explains. "My Marilyn will give a sense of continuity to Britain's unique tradition of chalk hill figures, which goes back thousands of years."

Land-use bureaucrats are touchy about



Ich Bin Gepistoff! The retiree in Karlsruhe, West Germany, who contracted for these mannequins pis wants his \$43,700 back. The postures of the kinder, he says, are unnatural.



"Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?": Rumors abound that the immortal lust goddess of the silver screen has finally found a permanent mate the equal of Joltin' Joe.

the Monroe notion, though. The chalk on Cobbald's hillside lies under an exceedingly thick layer of clay, so that just scraping Marilyn's outline from the ground may be

impractical. If new chalk has to be laid down, that might qualify as an impermissible imposition on a deeply historic bit of British countryside.

Celtic Birth-Defect Wave Laid to No Vitamin B, Too Many Drugs

ABERYSTWYTH, WALES—Poor diet and bad habits have been fingered as the cause of "the Celtic curse," the appallingly high rate of brain-deformed babies born to women in Wales, Northern Ireland and Scotland. Women in these Celtic areas average nearly 6 brain-damaged babies per 1,000 births, a rate seven times higher than in the United States and eight times higher than in Portugal and Japan.

Fresh fruits and leafy vegetables—sources of vitamin B—have never been staples of the Celtic diet. Cakes, white bread and refined sugar have for generations constituted the bulk of Celtic peoples' food; according to nutritionists, this may reduce the women's natural defenses against baby-deforming agents they've been exposed to and actually interfere with fetal development. "If a woman's diet lacks the essentials, especially the vitamin Bs," says statistical nutritionist Arthur Wynn, "not only does her baby harbor poison for longer, but it disturbs the rate of cell division in the embryo, leading to growth retardation and a greater risk of deformity."

Spina bifida, a grave neurological deformity, kills many Celtic babies within 12

months after birth. Encephalitis, in which the baby's brain ceases to develop after birth, is also a prime hazard. And hydrocephalus, where the cranial cavity swells and bulges with excess fluid, is disproportionately common in Welsh, North Irish and Scots infants.

In addition to their starchy diet, Celts also tend to drink alcohol, smoke cigarettes and do prescription tranks like Valium. All these drugs pose hazards to fetal development, and their effect is cumulative. Wynn—author, with his wife Margaret, of *Prevention of Handicap* and *The Health of Women*—says that people who intend to have babies should begin supplementing their diets with B-complex sources well before conception of an infant is attempted. Once conception is achieved, the mother should cut down on smoking, drinking and all drugs—even aspirin—throughout term, while augmenting her intake of vitamin sources and healthful food.

Says Wynn, "The woman who eats junk food, slims before and during pregnancy, takes aspirin, tranquilizers or any other drugs, lives by a main road with its fumes and lead dust and enjoys her gin and tonic," is likeliest to give birth to a deformed child.

Two Customs Cops Framed by Their Own Bosses

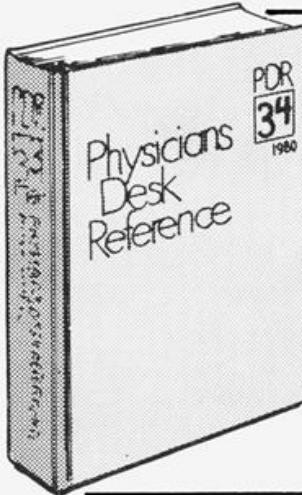
BASEL, SWITZERLAND—Two French customs officers were busted in a Basel railway coffee shop by Swiss cops last April, caught in the act of buying a secret list of bank depositors' names from an employee of the Schweizer Bankgesellschaft. The bank is internationally renowned—or notorious, if you prefer—for the secrecy with which it protects special investors' names, and it's believed by some that the two French sleuths had been set up by top French and Swiss officials for the fatal buy.

It is even believed that the two inspectors—Pierre Schulz and Bernard Rui—were literally turned in to the Swiss cops by top French politicians and industrialists, simply for doing their job too well. The men had been sent to Switzerland to get the names of wealthy and powerful French figures who violate French currency laws by moving massive quantities of gold bullion and francs out of the country. In troubled times, such as now, large quantities of currency are smuggled from France to secret Swiss accounts; and in fact, Schulz and Rui learned, French investors currently have some \$10 million stashed in Swiss numbered accounts, amounting to a quarter of all such secret holdings in the country.

Thus, the activities of the two customs cops posed a grave threat to both Swiss and French biggies. They could have exposed scores of top French government and industry heads who had violated federal law, and forced court cases that might have ripped a quarter of the funds out of secret accounts all over Switzerland.

It was when Schulz and Rui, last August, bought the secret computer printouts from the Schweizer Bankverein that they simply went too far. The printouts carried names of each account's depositor, its number and the amount of money in it. Word of this coup evidently leaked from their customs superiors in Paris to other government officials, including many whose names were undoubtedly on the printouts. But since the men had broken no French laws—they were actually following orders under French law—it became necessary to tip off Swiss authorities to the game. Exactly how this may have been managed is unclear; but the detectives who busted Schulz and Rui here had been sent out by the top police chief in Lucerne.

Both men face a possible 20 years for suborning bank officials and violating Swiss currency laws.



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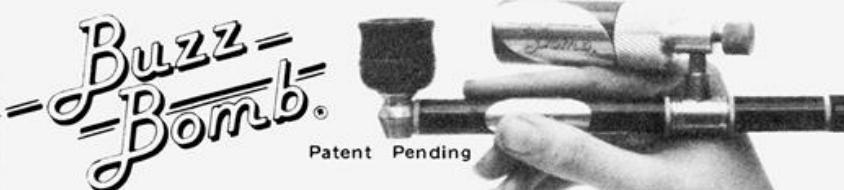
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Hong Kong Gently Repels Mainland Invasion

HONG KONG—Every morning a government bus heads north out of the city, to the border with Guangdong Province in the People's Republic of China, to turn over the previous night's catch of illegal immigrants to Red Chinese cops for processing. An average of 6,670 individuals are nailed per month along the 22-mile border by British land and sea patrols, representing something between a quarter and a half of the Guangdong citizens who make the attempt. Soldiers of the Seventh Duke of Edinburgh's own Gurkha Rifles, who do most of the people-netting, are careful not to ask for identifications, so that those immigrants who eventually make it to Hong Kong unspotted won't have their names on lists when they finally get here for keeps.

The land border is blocked off with a 16-foot hurricane fence topped by vicious double rolls of barbed wire and illuminated all along its length by pitiless lights—but this poses the least of the hazards facing the absconders. Probably the biggest obstacle is the 42nd Army division of the People's Republic, which guards the northern edge of the border. The 42nd distinguished itself in

last year's invasion of Vietnam, and British border guards have recently reported hearing frequent gunfire from the other side of the fence.

For themselves, the Crown Colony troops scrupulously avoid using firearms against the refugees and resort to violence only when necessary. Border crossers were not particularly desperate, the guards report, until early this year, when the People's Republic reportedly launched a crackdown on those sent back by Hong Kong. According to reports over People's Republic radio, repeated offenders have been pulling stiff jail terms.

"Things are tending to become a wee bit keyed up," agrees Inspector Wallace Muri-son of the *Sea Lion* border patrol boat. Many fugitives try to make it across the South China Sea in small craft or even by swimming, and actual refugee-transport syndicates operate out of Portuguese Macao. Hong Kong marine police were battled with stones, knives and meat cleavers on several occasions last year, and it's estimated that some 2,000 refugees were either drowned or eaten by sharks.

Visions of Hong Kong's fabulous (and largely fabled) prosperity lure the Guang-dong folk, mainly young peasants, into the hazardous border-skipping enterprise. "They all complain of the lack of food and no work, and they think the streets of Hong Kong are paved with gold," declares a marine police inspector. "For all of that, they seem remarkably well." Many youngsters show up all outfitted for life among the bourgeoisie, wearing Western jeans and hairstyles, carrying Hong Kong currency.

Already impossibly overburdened, with over 5 million inhabitants jammed into 400 square miles, Hong Kong's population is growing by some 5 percent annually thanks to illegal mainlanders. "All our urban planning goes out the window with those kinds of numbers," frets Hong Kong information director B.R. Johnston. The colony will, for instance, have to build 14 new schools for the children of mainland immigrants this year.

The term *immigrant* rather than *refugee* is employed because once mainlanders manage to contact relatives in Hong Kong—and nearly all the 80 million Guang-dongese seem to have relatives here—they

AFRICA

The Mastermind of Entebbe Controls Global Terror Force

GHADAMES, LIBYA—Very little secrecy exists about Col. Muammar al-Qaddafi's secret multinational army, currently training in various Saharan desert bases and supplied out of the Hadhaba al-Khadhra military arsenal just south of Tripoli. The bases are swarming with over 7,000 "volunteer" troops from places as diverse as North Korea, Pakistan, the Philippines, Chad, Morocco and even Ireland. Training and equipment are provided by Soviet, Cuban and East German advisers, and exceedingly tight discipline is imposed by cadres from the more extremist factions of the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Details of Qaddafi's motley terrorist army began surfacing after the colonel's bitter breakup last spring with moderate PLO chief Yasser Arafat. "The liberators of the Third World," as they're termed, are directly supervised now by Arafat's long-standing PLO rival, George Habbash—who in the early '70s engineered such bloodily dramatic, if miserably counterproductive, terrorist coups as the Entebbe and Mogadishu hijackings. Report has it that now Habbash is determined to gather in Libya as many violence-prone militants as possible and develop them into a sophisticated mobile strike force capable of hit-and-run assaults anywhere in the world.



Gamma/Liaison

Recycling terrorists: Qaddafi's reexporting international terrorists from Libya on sure suicide missions. Makes sense. Would you want them in your country?

The consolidation of so many widely differing political activists into a cohesive army with a single Third World orientation would appear to be a formidable task. A good number of these so-called volunteers

are in Libya because it was the only place in the world that would take them after their organizations had committed terrorist atrocities in their home countries. Fugitive members of the Irish Republican Army, for instance, still deeply resent Qaddafi's 1977 characterization of them as "psychopaths, and not a genuine liberation organization"—but would certainly face summary execution anywhere else in the world by agents of Great Britain's MI-6 international hit squad.

Qaddafi's pet project, as ever, is the assassination of Egyptian president Anwar el-Sadat. Toward this end, two special units of exiled Egyptian revolutionaries are undergoing torturous guerrilla training in the Saharan outposts of Tobruk and Al Bayda. The men have had to take a blood oath on the Holy Qur'an to grease Sadat or die trying; anytime squads are sent across the border on such missions, the Libyan brass tell them not to try coming back before Sadat's dead. All these men face summary capital punishment in Egypt, and so far no one has survived a mission.

A number of "liberators" are known to have accompanied the 500 Libyan regular army troops who were flown to Uganda last year in an attempt to save ex-president Field Marshal Idi Amin at the last minute. When boarding the planes, the troops were



B.G. Silberstein/FFG

Street of dreams: It may look like a slum to you and me, but to 80 million Guangdongese, Hong Kong looks like Shangri-La.

can't be sent back. In fact, every day, some hours after the repatriation truck leaves, long queues of residents form before the immigration office to obtain identity cards and work permits for relatives who jumped the

fence successfully the previous night. The process is routine, no official hassle offered: "Can you imagine knocking on doors at two in the morning and taking a man from his family?" asks Johnston.

Uganda's Baby Potsmokers

continued from page 79

commodities to their advantage: The price of *magendo* plantains is now about 200 shillings a bundle, up from 30 a year ago, and salt and fish are accordingly dear, thanks to the brats. Cigarettes, reefer and *waragi* (banana gin) are known to be abundant, but the *bayaye* keep availability down and prices up. The Kampala parliament is now openly talking about trying to locate "leaders" among the *bayaye*—if there are any—to possibly make a commodities deal with them.

Mwange Kalyango, 13, may shortly emerge as an unofficial representative of the *bayaye* underground council. Lately he's taken to hanging out at Amin's former army gymnasium, a huge complex lately appropriated by the Rev. Kefa Sempangi,

deputy minister of rehabilitation, as the African Foundation Home for Orphaned Children. Mwange and over 100 other *bayaye* intermittently stay at the home, learning to read and write and operate machinery. Reverend Sempangi emphasizes that the home, unlike an institution, has no rules whatsoever for the kids, only free food and education. Rules of any sort would strike the kids as an obvious *pie ploy*, and they wouldn't come around.

Occasionally, when Mwange makes a few extra shillings, he'll give a few to his mother, suggesting she rent them a room for the night. But usually she just disappears for a couple days, he says; when he sees her again, she looks sad and promises to try harder in the future.

told they were bound for Malta to perform in a military parade there. When they disembarked at Entebbe, scores were slaughtered on the spot by Tanzanian soldiers, hundreds were taken prisoner and scores more disappeared into the jungle for good.

Qaddafi, who plots out such projects, is developing something of a personal style as a military tactician. Last spring some 2,000 exiled Tunisians were given Soviet arms and sent across the border to the town of Gafsa. There, their advisers guaranteed them, they needed only to distribute the guns to the oppressed populace and the whole country would erupt in an insurrection. The arms were stacked in the town square, where they were ignored, while the local

gendarmarie busted all 2,000 "liberators."

Comical as Qaddafi may appear, the ghastly history of Habbash is a matter of grave concern. The Soviets have generously stocked the depot at al Khadra (which, ironically, means "the green" in Arabic—slang for hashish) with Kalashnikov submachine guns, Makarov machine pistols, SAM-7 antiaircraft missiles and the devastating "Shilka" four-barreled 23-millimeter antiaircraft gun, which can drop a 747 passenger jet out of the sky. It is not known, though, whether Qaddafi is yet prepared to give Habbash free access to all this ordnance; the notoriously flaky PLO theorist is just as likely as not to blow up Qaddafi with them, if he ever conceives it to be expedient.

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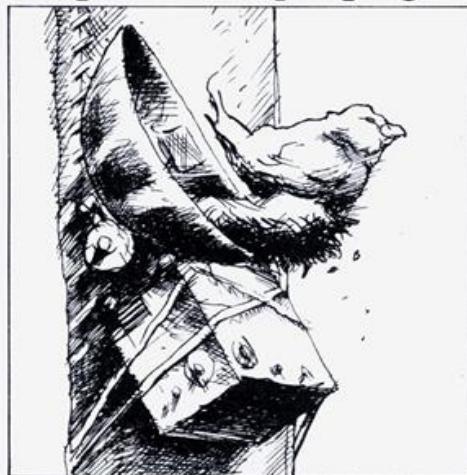
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INTERNATIONAL WEIRD

They Never Stop Trying



Izvestia reports that the nasty, sneakish Yankee spy-fiends are still up to their old tricks. Two so-called American "diplomats," it seems, actually planted an electronic spy device in a tree near a highly sensitive Soviet military complex. Ever vigilant, though, brave Russian counterintelligence experts succeeded in locating and eliminating the scoundrelly device. In this they were greatly aided by the tree itself, a pine made entirely of plastic material, trying vainly to look inconspicuous amidst a stand of natural aspen.

Nice to Know!!

The National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health has, reports the *Washington Monthly*, a list of the names of 74,000 American workers whose jobs expose them to a high risk of developing cancer. They're keeping it confidential, too, even though these people might benefit substantially from a friendly warning to get regular checkups. Revealing their names to them, say the health and safety czars, "might do more harm than good."

Chasing Kohoutek

Having done a whole lot of mind-expanding drugs, and undergone such *truly* unreal experiences as sharing a cellblock with Charlie Manson and an Algerian hideaway with Eldridge Cleaver, Dr. Timothy Leary is cranking up now for the real trip: into Outer Fucking Space, man! And like he's real devious about it too, y'know? Like he does a stand-up comedy routine, pitching for a space-migration project he calls—check it out—his "Space Migration, Intelligence Increase and Life Extentsion" gig. "SMILE," can you dig it? Oh wow, and since he used to be a big Harvard doc before he got into dope, y'know, he says like it really isn't just a stand-up comedian schtick he's doing; he calls it "stand-up philosophy." Great lines, man, like, "I give the same lectures at colleges as I give in nightclubs." You shoulda caught his act at the Yuk Yuk Komeday Kabaret chain in Montreal and Toronto, you'd laugh your head off. Really! 'Cause he doesn't just crack lines about living in space stations and mining the asteroids and all that, but he

does these great riffs on drugs, too. But it's mainly these new head drugs, y'know, like vasopressin and ACTH and just, oh wow, you don't know what new drugs those docs are coming up with anymore. They got stuff that can make you think better, clear up your memory and just all sorts of stuff. Which gives Leary the greatest punchline in the whole monologue: "The biggest gas of all would be to immunize people against stupidity."

Where Not to Party

In the course of a soiree held at the home of Penelope and Richard Arnot, two guests evidently became inebriated and fell out of the window. The apartment was on the sixth floor, and both died. The Arnot couple, who have two children, were jailed for two months without bail. Then Richard, 39, was sentenced to seven more months, and Penelope, 34, to 80 strokes with a cane in public, to be given by a man holding a copy of the Holy Qur'an in the arm used to wield the cane. The couple had been cleared of negligent homicide, but were convicted of serving alcoholic beverages. Both are British citizens living in Jidda, Saudi Arabia.

Have Spark, Will Travel

"I need a new job, plus a new start in life," went one moving letter of application. "I know a little about electricity...."

The Illinois Department of Corrections has been getting hundreds of such hopeful queries weekly, ever since they sent out a call last spring for some stout-hearted soul to kill convicted mass murderer John Gacy, and maybe even all of the 26 people currently on Death Row in Marion. "I am the type of individual who works with life and death on a daily basis," one respondent declared. "I am a licensed funeral director and embalmer." Another enthusiast manifested a truly professional attitude toward the prospect: "I am not wanting this job just [for] John Wayne Gacy. I want them all." And then there was the ordained minister who humbly offered his services: "I know that doing this job is not something desirable, but someone has to."



One Less Brick in the Wall



Illustrations by Peter de Seve

"The low, decadent and pornographic music demoralizes people and sabotages social customs," thunders Shanghai's *Wenhui Bao* daily about the current rock and boogie fad in China. The "fad" is over two years old now in urban China, actually, and has survived at least two well-delineated official propaganda campaigns to repress it and depopularize it. This latest antirock campaign appears to be the feeblest yet, to go by press reports from behind the Bamboo Curtain. In fact, the very tenor of the official vituperation seems to have become notably racier and more colorful than standard party clone-talk somehow, almost as though the party morality monitors are themselves somehow getting infected with rock's subversive pizzazz. Check this lurid anathema against rock 'n' roll freaks from Peking's *Ribao* weekly: "They try their best to imitate the West, singing coarse songs and wriggling their buttocks to and fro."

What's in a Name or Six?

The cricket-and-Ascot set in aristocratic England was shocked out of its frock coats and bowlers last spring when a certain fledgling society belle, daughter of a titled peer, christened her firstborn son with no fewer than seven names. Even for a milieu accustomed to multihyphenated monikers such as Campbell-Bannermann, Evans-Wentz, Armstrong-Jones and Baden-Powell, this was considered a bit much—and a bit much more so when the mother appeared at the baptismal font in the company of the six young men who served as godfathers for the infant's six praenomenae. It seems the proud heiress—described as "wayward" in the press—was quite sure that one of six young men was the child's father, but couldn't be entirely certain which. So she opted for what she termed the "aristocratic solution," endowing her baby with the first names of the six viable candidates and her maternal grandmother's maiden name as a cognomen. The managing editor of *Debrett's Peerage*, the venerable Who's Who of British aristocracy, duly attended the historic event. "Debrett's continually gets questions on behavior," he explained. "Often they are sexual." Debrett's editor's name is Brooks-Baker. He is an American.

Interview: Ed Clark*continued from page 43*

High Times: Where do you stand on the Equal Rights Amendment?

Clark: I'm not sure if all the Libertarians are going to support me in this particular position, but I am in favor of ERA. There are two sections to it. The first section will make unconstitutional thousands of laws in the various states which discriminate against women in employment, which prohibit women from working near machines, or in certain types of occupations, certain hours, from lifting more than 15 pounds...

High Times: Digging coal, tending bar...

Clark: All sorts of things. But by letting women freely engage in many occupations that they're now prohibited from, you make women more valuable. ERA will tend to raise the wages of women, and to get the government out of the employment market. That would be very desirable. But the second part of ERA says the Congress may pass such laws as may be necessary to implement equal rights. That could mean all sorts of new laws in the labor market, and I would oppose those new laws.

High Times: History's political graveyard is strewn with third-party bones. Why do you think yours has a better chance to succeed?

Clark: Let me remind you that there has been one very successful third-party movement in the United States, and it once had some very Libertarian themes. It was called the Republican Party and it came from nothing in the 1850s, and ten years later they had established themselves as the majority party.

High Times: They had a program to end slavery.

Clark: Sure, if there's anything in this whole world that was antilibertarian it was treating people not as people but as property. The Republicans didn't make it on charismatic leaders or a single position. They started as a grass-roots movement with a lot of people from a lot of different parties. That is the kind of movement that the Libertarian Party is. And unlike the Prohibition Party or other single-issue parties, we have an across-the-board approach toward foreign policy, toward economic policy, toward human beings and civil rights, so that we offer a full alternative. That's why I think that we stand an excellent chance of becoming another third party, like the original Republicans, that succeeds on a massive scale.

continued on page 93

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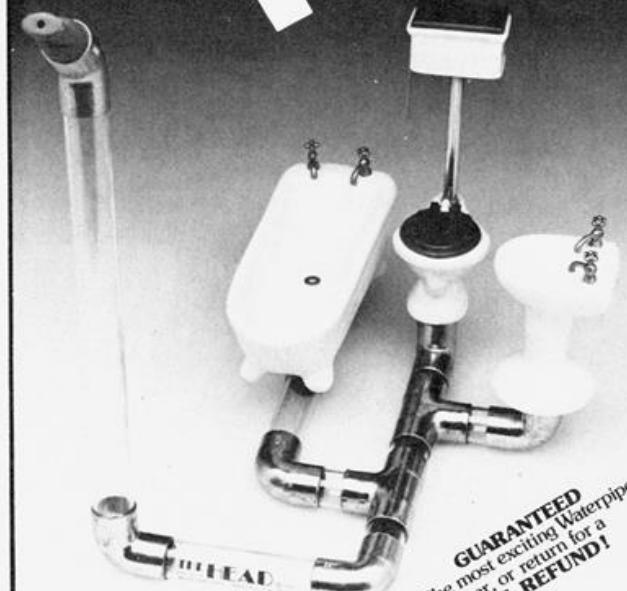
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Interview: Ed Clark

continued from page 91

High Times: So if you do about as well as expected by next November, what will you have done?

Clark: Polled several million votes. Been at least the balance of power between the Republicans and Democrats. Caused the major parties to discuss our issues.

High Times: I understand you won't be demanding your \$26 million in federal campaign funds.

Clark: I don't think that American people should be forced to finance ideas they do not believe in. So we are going to raise all our money privately. I would sure like to see the Republicans and Democrats be forced to go to the people and raise that much money themselves.

High Times: So what is your problem if it isn't money? Is it visibility, getting your message out?

Clark: One of the major problems is the deliberate obstacles the Republicans and Democrats have thrown in the way of *any* new party, and thus thrown in the way of fresh ideas. You see, for the Republicans and Democrats to get on the ballot in any state takes only a couple of hundred signatures and a small filing fee. But for a new party to get on the ballot, it may take 100,000 or 150,000 signatures, or an enormous number of registrations, depending on state laws. Three states are going to be expensive and difficult: Georgia, Oklahoma and West Virginia.

High Times: What about gun control? Does everybody have the right to bear arms and potshot away at one another?

Clark: The first gun control laws in the United States were passed in the Southern states just after the Civil War to take guns away from blacks, because blacks were using guns in the South to defend themselves against the Ku Klux Klan. It was an attempt by government to disarm people so they couldn't defend themselves. Basically, that still is what gun control does.

High Times: Defend themselves against whom?

Clark: Against the thieves and robbers and rapists and murderers. If you deny people who may have lesser physical strength guns, they're going to be at the physical mercy of those who have more physical strength.

High Times: Where do you stand on capital punishment?

Clark: I campaigned in California last year against the proposition which would have expanded capital punishment because I think capital punishment has a very minor role to play in the whole criminal justice system. But I'm not opposed to it in principle.

High Times: Where is it justified?

Clark: For professional killers, or people who have killed in a repetitious manner, it is not immoral.

High Times: What about people who kill prison guards?

Clark: I don't feel one way or another in respect to that.

High Times: That's a big issue.

Clark: I probably should have answered you that way about other things. Just because I'm running for president doesn't mean I know everything about everything. □

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Books.

Boswell's Clap and Other Essays
by William Ober, M.D.
Carbondale, Illinois: Southern
Illinois University Press
\$17.50

Among their other signal achievements, American educators have succeeded in making James Boswell boring: a groupie to Dr. Samuel Johnson, recorder of 18th-century *bon mots* so boring and unintelligible, a college kid goes straight to sleep trying to copy them down. You'd never suspect he screwed Rousseau's girl friend, or picked up at least a dozen successive cases of clap in his life from street hookers, and probably died of it, unless you happened to catch Dr. Ober's scrumptious essay on Boswell in a 1969 issue of the *Bulletin of the New York Academy of Science*. As this is unlikely, here's your chance to snag it now, along with Dr. Ober's "palaeodiagnostic" inquiries into the

final moments of Socrates, John Keats's excursions into recreational opium tripping, and lots more delectable pathology pertaining to other illustrious deaders such as Swinburne, Chekhov and William Carlos Williams.

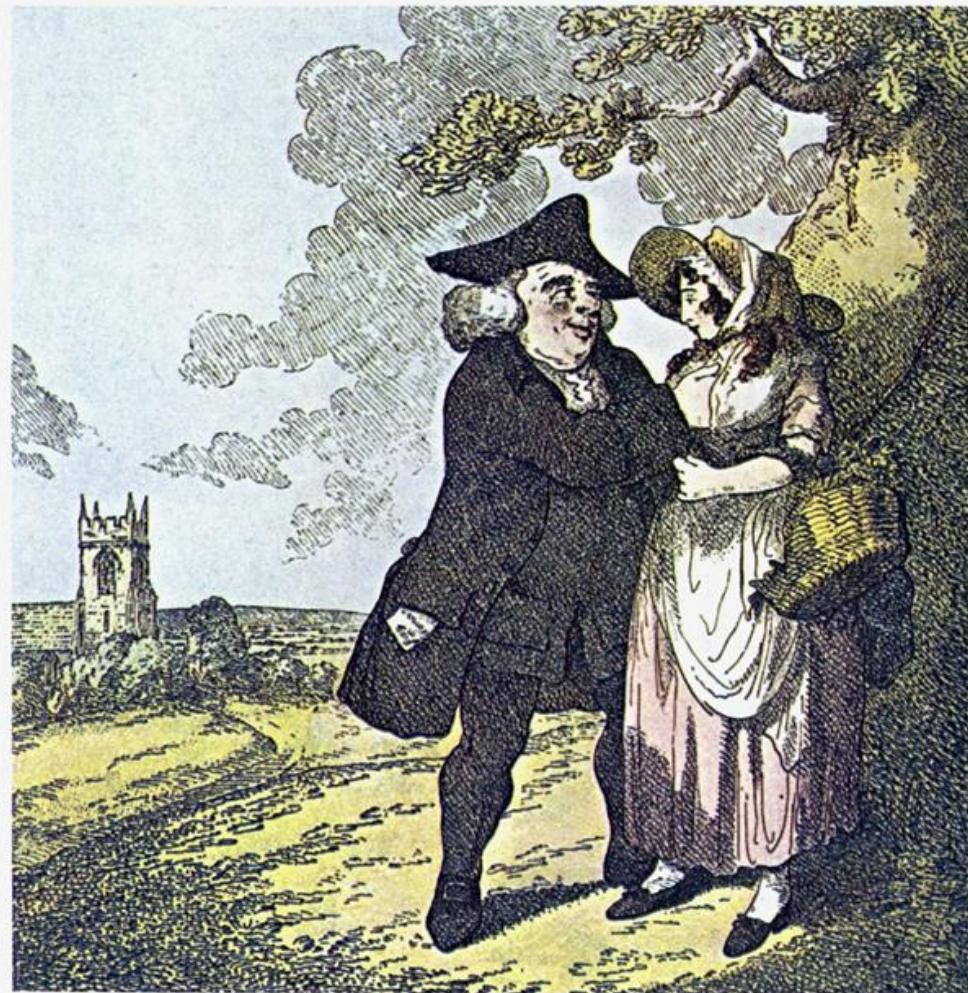
It's possible that this is not a book for everyone, so here's a test sentence: "Boswell's collapse at the Literary Club with chills and fever, a violent headache, nausea and vomiting, suggests an acute recrudescence of the smoldering infection, and the swelling in (or of) the bladder with mortification two or three weeks later substantiates the clinical suspicion of urinary retention and acute sepsis behind it." Either this prose is all poetry and enchantment to you, or it's not. I can't personally conceive why *Boswell's Clap* shouldn't be a chartbuster, but then, the hot-tubs-and-jogging set might not feel altogether comfortable with it. But then again, why else would they go out for that kind of effortful self-mortification, if not out of the same deep-down morbid obsessions that Dr. Ober's prose stirs in the likes of me?

Ober goes over every scrap of

existing detail pertaining to Boswell's chronic gonococcal eurythritis with all the single-minded thoroughness of a forensic detective inspecting the scene of a coed's rape-murder. The priapic Scots biographer was considerate enough—and kinky enough—to leave a detailed account of his juggernaut sex life in his *London Journals*, which were only publicly printed in the last generation or so. He had the particular sort of daddy problems (his sire, Laird Auchinlek, Edinburgh's top civic and criminal magistrate, wore his red plush robes around the house!) that all his life sent him down to the London docks every few nights to hop some Cockney waif for shilling thruppence among the reeking honeybuckets, specifically so that he could confess in his journal afterward how vile and septic the whole experience had been. This is magnificently diseased material, and Dr. Ober has no end of elegant fun with it—and the fun is fully as contagious as Boswell's clap.

For most of his adult life, then, Boswell's penis exuded a colorless gleet which blew up every few years into a violently purulent gonococcal discharge. Withal, he knew enough not to give it to his wife, or any other "respectable" playmates, simply by employing condoms. Only when he hopped the harlots did he do so *a cappella*, which lends heavy credence to Ober's conjecture that when the clap sores finally blocked up his urethra at age 55, and his poisoned urine backed up into his blood and killed him—why, poor Boswell was only fulfilling his father's clearly delineated lifelong wish that Boswell be castrated. Ober hints it may have been basically hereditary, as the whole Boswell clan was similarly bananas in various ways. I personally think it's because they were Scots, but that might be saying the same thing, really.

As to Keats and opium, Ober demonstrates persuasively that the kid was chipping a bit, around the age of 20, when he wrote "Ode to a Nightingale." As he told his brother George: "In this state of effeminacy the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree that pleasure has no show of enticement and pain no unbearable frown." Oh yeah, that's opium! George made him swear on his life he'd never touch the stuff again, and John kept the oath scrupulously, and died at 25 of tuberculosis, for which opium would



Thomas Rowlandson

have been a *splendid* therapy (Coleridge made it to 62 on O, with a chronic rheumatic condition that should have killed him in his 30s).

If there were only space for it, I would gladly edify you with Dr. Ober's intimate and loving rundown of the spectacular symptoms of hemlock poisoning. Suffice to say, Plato's laid-back account of poor old Socrates' demise—which makes it sound like he merely stretched out for a long, dignified meditation—is an obvious swatch of lying, sophist propaganda. If only someone would do a similar palaeodissection of Plato's Atlantis fairy tales, showing exactly how he lied and to what purpose, that whole branch of occultism would die a death as gruesome and appropriate as Boswell's.

—Dean Latimer

Narcotic Plants
by William Emboden
New York: Macmillan
\$7.95

This colorful book is a revised and enlarged edition of the 1972 volume of the same title. It is a comprehensive, well-illustrated book detailing all the important drug plants and some of the lesser-known ones. The author is a botanist in southern California and uses the term "narcotic" in the general botanical sense of psychoactive. Actually, *Narcotic Plants* devotes many more pages to stimulants and psychedelics than to natural downers like opium and kava.

The text is very informative, with a great deal of historical material on each plant, along with descriptions of uses. There is also a good list of references at the end. For many readers the illustrations will be useful. There are numerous black and white drawings and photographs as well as an excellent section of striking color plates.

William Emboden is also the author of another delightful book, *Bizarre Plants* (New York: Macmillan, 1974). He is obviously a lover of botanical curiosities. His philosophical musings on the universal use of drug plants make a pleasant counterpoint to the technical information in *Narcotic Plants*. Emboden accepts the fact that we are a drug-loving species and that nature has provided us with an apparently endless supply of raw materials to choose from. His work demonstrates the folly of trying to stop people from using drugs by passing laws against them.



renowned uncle, not to reveal the secret things to which he was heir, Fools Crow's god, Wakan-Tanka, commanded him to tell his story.

His first vision-quest took place in 1905. After a purification ceremony where Fools Crow and his teachers sang, chanted and prayed, a black cloth was placed on the initiate's head and he was led to the "questing pit," exactly two feet wide, four feet deep and six feet long. Sage had been spread on the bottom to purify it and make a bed, and a buffalo hide had been pegged down tight over it. Fools Crow lay in the ceremonial grave with his head facing west for four days and nights without food or water.

On the fourth day, Fools Crow had his first vision. He does not reveal the details of this very personal vision, except to say he was transported by the power of the spirits through all places of the world and learned many things. This was only the first of many such vision-quests, the beginning of Fools Crow's knowledge of healing, counseling and prayer. He also learned to speak with animals: "When we talk, they come and sit down by me, just as a person will do."

Narcotic Plants is highly readable and, at the same time, a good reference book. It belongs in any library with space devoted to books on drugs, plants or getting high.

—Andrew Weil

Fools Crow
by Thomas E. Mails
New York: Doubleday
\$12.95

Frank Fools Crow saw a white man for the first time at age five. He doubted the man was a human being and clung tightly to his father's leg. "The white man's face had hair all over it and his skin was like white clay. His huge green eyes scared me even more...." Nevertheless, Fools Crow eventually became the ceremonial chief of the Teton Sioux, an articulate and outspoken leader of his people who regularly met with the white man, from local government hacks to the president (Ford, at the time). He was diplomatic and militant by turns, but even more than a leader of his people, Fools Crow was a healer and a holy man.

With Dallas Chief Eagle acting as his translator, Fools Crow tells Thomas Mails about his life of visions, medicine and prophecy. Although he had been warned by Black Elk, his

Fools Crow tells many stories of healing and curing illnesses of all kinds (except cancer, he reports) by means of the pipe, certain herbs and faith in the Great Spirit. In discussing the ritual of the pipe, he says there are various levels in the smoking of it. In one of the "higher" kinds of smoking, the bowl is filled with a tobacco mixture known as *kinnikinnick*, made from the dried and crushed inner bark of the red willow tree combined with a certain hard-to-find plant root. ("I am always looking for some," Fools Crow says about this root.) The mixture is "a fruit from Grandmother Earth"; when the pipe is lit and the sweet odor issues forth, "all creation is held within it." Fools Crow describes in detail how the peace pipe is designed and constructed.

This is a fascinating man, who has managed to remain close to the traditional way of life, and yet—at close to 90—is still constantly solicited by the U.S. government for his advice on Indian matters. Most significant are the stories of his healing abilities, his instinctive knowledge of herbs and their properties, and the mysterious ways in which the right herbs materialize for him when and where he needs them.

—Bonnie Gordon □

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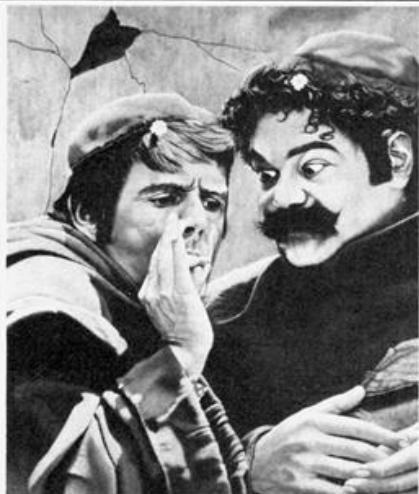
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Chicken Little Was Right

continued from page 50

Bermuda Triangle. In the 1950s, a Canadian named Wilbur Smith devised a special instrument that could detect and measure the collapse of molecular structures during the magnetic storms. That is, all kinds of objects would literally fall apart when the conditions were just right. Volunteer airline pilots carried Smith's instruments around the world and he was able to make crude charts of the phenomenon. Unfortunately, no one continued his experiments after his death.

Charles Fort intuitively understood much of this and he defined it all in an age when very few people were willing to take any of it seriously. Those few—Dreiser, Hecht, Tiffany Thayer—made humble pilgrimages to the Bronx to visit with Fort. He was not the most sociable man around. He and Anna remained by themselves. They didn't even have a telephone. When Fort was not at the library, or sorting through his thousands of notes, he was working on his super checker game, a game he had invented that employed hundreds of pieces and was so complicated he was the only one who could play it.

On January 26, 1931, a distinguished group of authors, newspapermen and publishers held a dinner at the Savoy-Plaza. Fort had spurned invitations but was tricked into attending. Tiffany Thayer, a successful hack novelist, announced the formation of a Fortean Society and Fort was appalled.

Meanwhile, strange things began to happen in the Fort household. Pictures fell off the walls. Books slid off shelves. Glassware went crashing to the floor without visible cause. Fort kept careful notes on these curious events. In 1932, he completed *Wild Talents*, his fourth and final book, in which he discussed mysterious animal mutilations (which are still going on worldwide) and teleportations of people and objects. In fact, he coined the word *teleportation*. By the end of April, Fort was very weak, barely able to walk. On May 3, 1932, Charles Hoy Fort died. He was 58 years old. He left behind some 60,000 scraps of paper covered with almost indecipherable notes about the damned. Anna Fort lived another five years and was haunted by mysterious rappings and noises, according to Dreiser. Tiffany Thayer ran the Fortean Society until his death in 1959. The society died with him.

Charles Fort perceived a truth that had been ignored by all the scientists and all the historians. Our world has two sets of natural laws. One set tells us stupidly

continued on page 100

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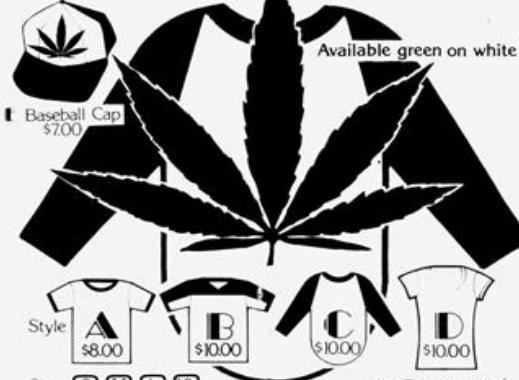


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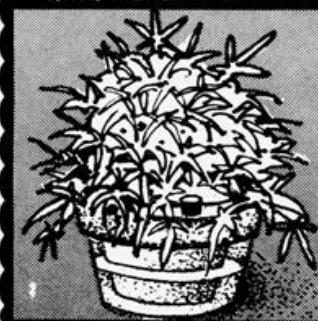
SPEAK EASY

You have a bad cold. You pick up your telephone to call a doctor. You sneeze. Before you've even dialed anyone, a voice comes on and says gesundheit. Hmm, seems you've got more than just a flu bug. Get yourself a Phone-Guard from the Cose Corp., Suite 200, 15 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Price \$49.95. Just screw this miniature mechanical marvel into your phone mouthpiece and a red light will shine when any eavesdroppers or tappers intrude on your call. Great for dealers and bookies, a device so effective you'll want one even if you don't own a phone. Call (212) 689-3843. MasterCharge, Visa, check or money order accepted.



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WHOLESALE INQUIRIES INVITED

Chicken Little Was Right

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simple things about gravity and nature. The other tells us that space and time are constantly distorted in our reality, and that we are all subject to the still undefined laws of this second set. We never know when we might step through that magic door that will take us suddenly 10,000 miles away. We never know when we might suddenly encounter a beast or a being from "somewhere else in our existence." Fish might rain on us anytime, or red snow or clouds of insects that no scientist can identify. Flying saucers will continue to buzz our farms and swamps, just as they have done for 2,000 years. Science attempts to work with the first set of laws and they come up with black holes. Magicians, occultists and psychics strive to manipulate the second group of laws. In the closing years of this century, science and magic are merging. We are entering a new Dark Age when, as in an ancient time, the bizarre events of the superspectrum (a spectrum of energy beyond the known and the visible) dazzle and terrify. Charles Fort anticipated the decline and fall of our civilization. He sought to understand the owners, the controllers, the manipulators of our pitiful world. And when he had studied their many manifestations he was obliged to ask, "If there is a Universal Mind, must it be sane?"

Fortearns Unite!

Are you treading on the threshold of infinity? Battling the windmills of absurdity? Searching for The Answer? Then you may be interested in joining that brave band who dare to lift the skirt of convention and bury their noses in the heavy odors of forbidden knowledge. They are few in number, losers in all popularity contests, plagued by a paranoid society, condemned by the Keepers of the Sacred Cows. They call themselves Fortearns. Here is a list of their secret organizations and their murky, mind-blowing publications. Join. Subscribe. Don't let the Pushers of Buttons win. Be the first kid on your block to cut out for another dimension. (As most of these outfits are operating on a shoestring, be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with your query.)

International Fortean Organization (INFO). Founded by two brothers, Paul and Ronald Willis, in the 1960s. Holds an annual Fort Festival in Washington, D.C. Following Ron's tragic death a few years ago, this group was taken over by pro-UFO types and the quality of their quarterly journal *INFO* has suffered. INFO, 7317 Baltimore Ave., College Park, Md. 20740.

continued on page 105



PAREL
DE
FUMAR
BAMBÚ

For a Winking Spaniard T-Shirt (cotton/polyester) with the Bambu Logo on back, send \$6. to Bambu Sales, Dept HT1179, P.O. Box 691, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. A free pack of Bambu 1/2 Extra included with each shirt. Specify size—S-M-L-XL. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

The '80s are making the strongest hair statement since long hair in the '60s. It's living, vibrant color brought to us by the color TV generation! It's called Crazy Color—a natural vegetable dye similar to food color. It coats the individual strands of hair and protects them, acting as a conditioner the same way henna does. You can go wild with it. Strip out all the color in your hair for maximum effect or just streak small portions. Or use it over your natural hair: The lighter your natural hair the more vibrant the results. Very interesting effects can also be created over dark hair especially with the pinks and purples. There are salons nationwide that are into Crazy Colors but it's also available for do-it-yourself or do-it-to-a-friend at about \$4 to \$7 per color at your local punk or cosmetics store.

High



Photographed left to right: (bottom row) makeup artist Nanxy's multitonned hair by Olivier at Cinandre; graphic designer Lesley Vinson's haircut by Bob Fink, pink to lilac color by Mallory, both at Pipino-Buccheri; Marcel's yellow with red tipped hair by Olivier; makeup artist Wendy Ragan's green with platinum spiked hair, cut and colored by Rón Mancusso of Jamilron; (top row) Rudolf of Pravda's cut and camouflaged hair by Francine of Jungle Red; model Alana Stewart's purple into pink hair, cut and colored by Rón Mancusso; Connie Garcia's black and salmon hair and makeup by Francine; and Blyth Bova's pinkissimo by Rón Mancusso, makeup by Wendy Ragan.

Photo by Steven Meisel.

style.

by Annie Flanders





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Chicken Little Was Right

continued from page 100

The Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained (SITU). Famed author/zooologist Ivan T. Sanderson launched this as a tax dodge. After his death in 1973, the members took over and the society goes marching on. Publishes *Pursuit*, a quarterly journal (edited for a time by John Keel).

SITU, RFD 5, Gales Ferry, Conn. 06335.

Vestigia. A lively group of engineers, scientists, computer specialists and laymen who spend their spare time investigating Fortean events in New Jersey. Also publishes an informative newsletter.

Vestigia, RD 2, Brookwood Road, Stanhope, N.J. 07874.

The New Fortean Society. An embryonic gang of New York-based Forteans who meet at infrequent intervals to discuss new developments and give the establishment hell. Plans are afoot to issue an occasional newsletter to be called *WRONG!* If you live in the New York City area and have an IQ over 62, you might be able to attend the next meeting—if they bother to answer your query. Anomaly, P.O. Box 351, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016.

The Sourcebook Project. The most ambitious Fortean undertaking since Charlie kicked the bucket. Aerospace engineer William R. Corliss has been systematically wading through all sorts of scientific journals to uncover Fortean items which he then publishes in big loose-leaved books. These works cover everything from astronomy to cryptozoology and are a must for every serious Fortean.

William R. Corliss, Box 107, Glen Arm, Md. 21057.

The Fortean Times. This magazine is published in England, so subscribing in the face of gyrating exchange rates can be a pain—but it is well worth it. Issued quarterly, this is the world's finest Fortean publication, loaded with fascinating news items and wonderful Fort-style commentary.

Fortean Times, c/o DTWAGE, 9-12 St. Annes Court, London W1, England.

The New Atlantean Journal. There's a bit of everything in this sprightly quarterly, ranging from UFOs to ancient Indian lore. Published by a former Air Force officer and his wife, a well-known ufologist.

The New Atlantean Research Society, 5963 32 Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33710. □

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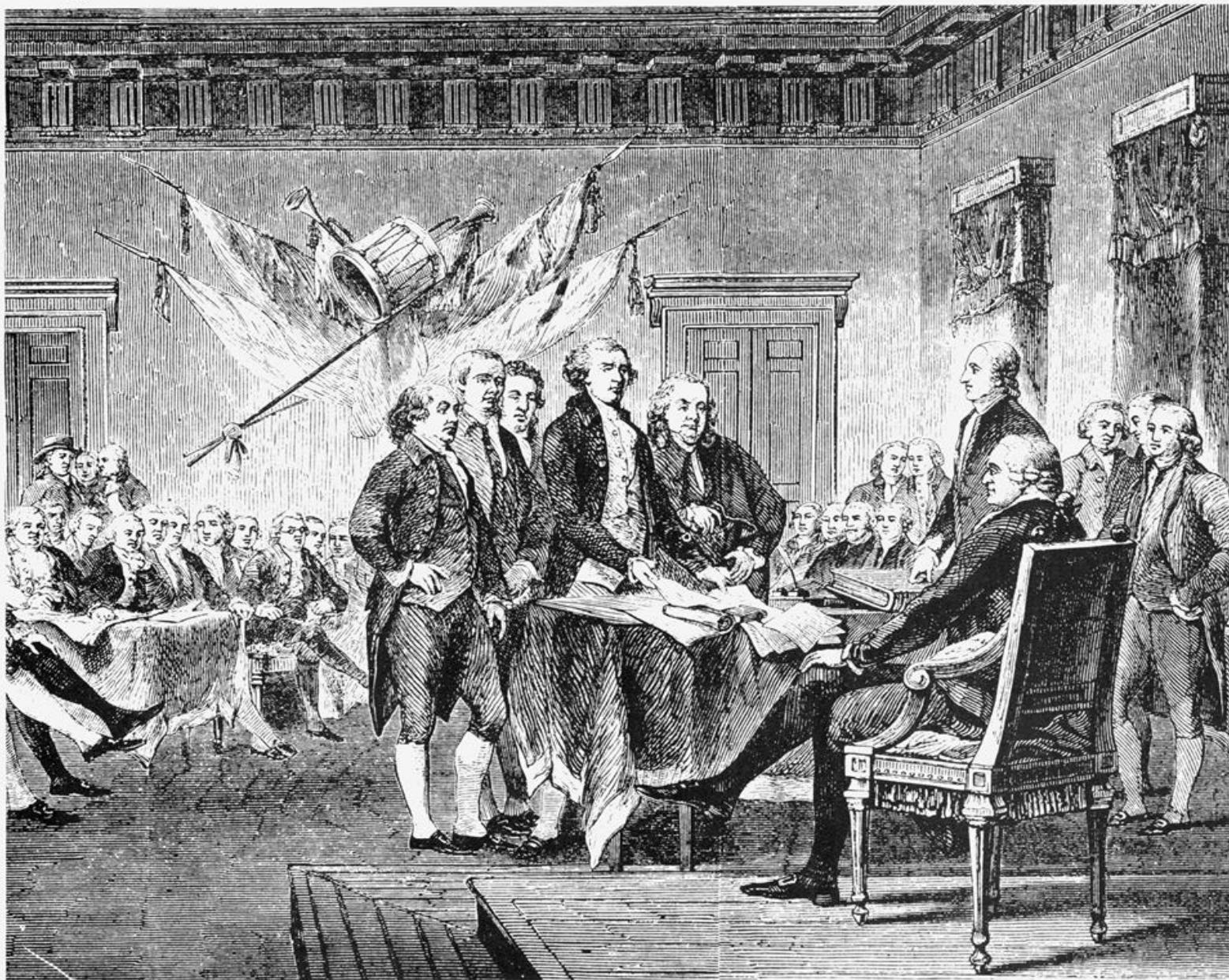
Last words

**"Pray tell, how soundeth this:
'Congress shall make no law
respecting an establishment
of religion, or prohibiting
the free exercise thereof;
or abridging the freedom of
speech or the press; or the
right of people peaceably to
assemble, and to petition the
government for a redress of
grievances'?"**

**"And verily, bongs,
flake plates and scales?"**

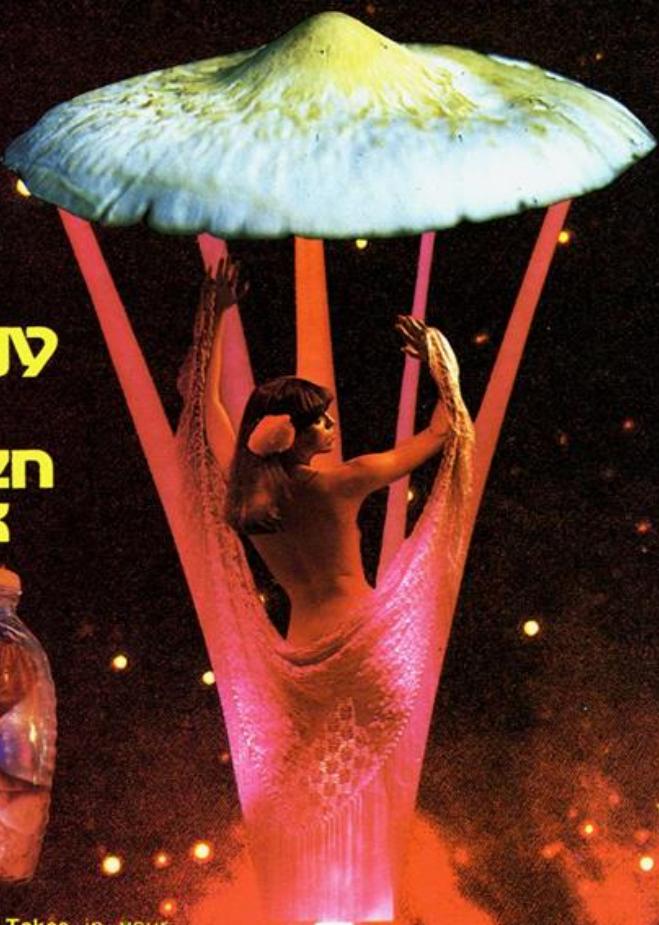
**"What of advertisements
for paraphernalia?"**

**"But I needeth a plow
for my hemp crop!"**



As of this month, it is now a class 1 misdemeanor in the states of Georgia and Virginia to advertise material to be used "in connection" with marijuana or other controlled substances.

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DELUXE RENAISSANCE CUBENSIS MAGIC MUSHROOM FARM

Two tubes of **RENAISSANCE** mycelial Superstarter and three growing chambers \$40

ECONOMY RENAISSANCE CUBENSIS MAGIC MUSHROOM FARM

One tube of **RENAISSANCE** mycelial Superstarter and three growing chambers \$25

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Magic Mushroom Cultivation by Steven H. Pollock, MD \$6

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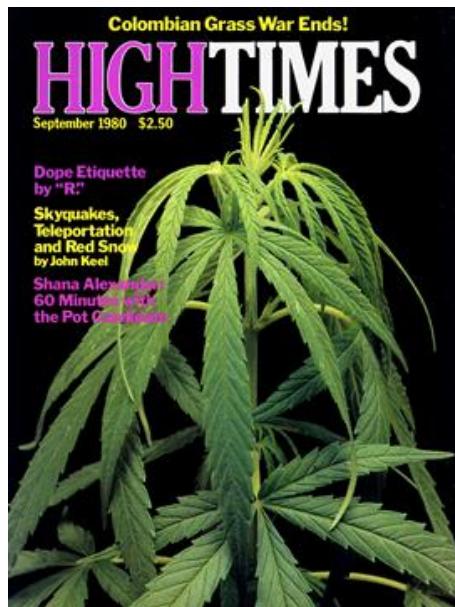
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High Times

SEPTEMBER 1980



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